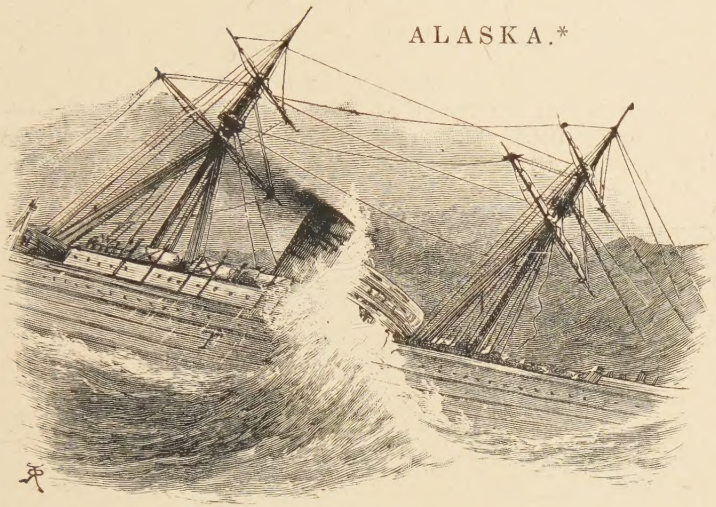
THE METHODIST MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1895.

ALASKA.*



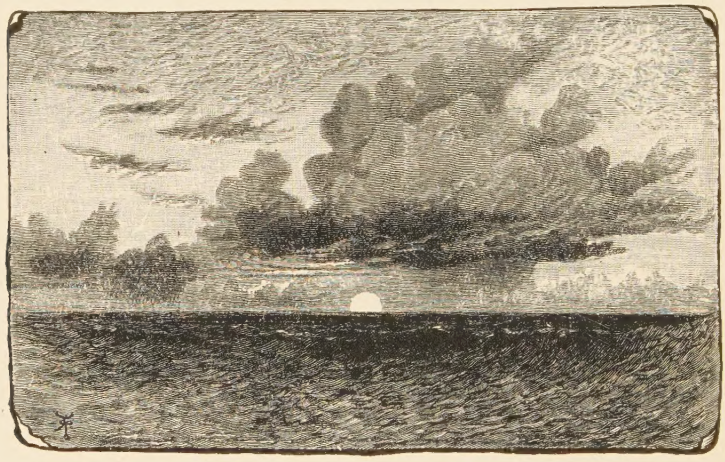
A HEAVY SEA ON NORTH PACIFIC.

LEAVING Victoria, B.C., we pass through a congeries of islands, like the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence on a greatly magnified scale, when we enter the Gulf of Georgia, one of the widest portions of the Inland Passage. Some forty or fifty miles farther on, and we reach the first typical waters of the Inland Passage—Discovery Passage—a narrow waterway between high, mountainous banks; an extended salt-water, river-like channel, about a mile in breadth. At Seymour Narrows the channel is not much over half a mile wide, where the tides rush through with the velocity of the swiftest rivers (said to be nine knots at spring tides). The shores now become truly mountainous in character, ridges and peaks on the south side bearing snow throughout the summer on their summits, four thousand to five thousand feet high. Queen Charlotte Sound is one of the few openings to the Pacific Ocean. Where Magellan sailed over the Pacific Ocean it well deserved the name; but along the rough northern coast the amount of stormy weather increases, and a voyage on this part of the Pacific is not always calculated to impress one with the appropriateness of the great ocean's name. The full sweep of the Pacific is encountered and the steamer is often exposed to a very heavy sea. It is very impressive to look from some rocky headland over the vast Pacific, and to realize that for four thousand

* Abridged from Lieut. Schwatka's volume on Alaska, and other trustworthy authorities, by the Editor.

miles these waves roll on unimpeded till they break upon the shores of the distant Empire of Japan. Especially impressive is this at the set of sun, when the shadows of night mantle sea and land. The Rev. Dr. Sutherland beautifully describes such a scene as follows:

"A few years ago, while on a visit to our missions in British Columbia, one evening, in company with a few others, I climbed a hill whose summit commanded a view of the Pacific Ocean. Before us lay a vision that will be treasured up in memory's chambers through all the coming years. Behind us was the gloomy forest and the toilsome way over which we had journeyed, but before us the broad Pacific lay unrolled, so near in that transparent atmosphere that we could see the ripples on its bosom stirred by the evening breeze, and yet so far that amid the solemn stillness there came to us no sound of the wave that broke upon the distant reef. In the western sky dappled clouds were anchored in the blue, through which the rays of the setting sun streamed upon the sea in ever-varying tints of purple and gold and amethyst, till every ripple sparkled like burnished jewels set in a sapphire pavement. And then as the sun sank still lower, and touched the ocean's distant rim, the glowing tints all merged into one long trail of splendour that stretched from the shore above which we stood all the way to another shore that seemed to lie just where the sun was setting, as if God's angels had bridged, with beaten gold, the surface of the gently heaving sea, making a pathway of light over which departing souls might pass to the other side. But a little longer and the golden glory softened into almost silvery whiteness, which, when the sun disappeared, merged in the neutral tints of a quiet sea, leaving only a reflected splendour in the sky to tell of the brightness that had been there."



SUNSET ON THE PACIFIC.

The mainland is flanked throughout nearly its entire extent by a belt of islands, of which the majority are sea-girt mountains. Most aptly has this wave-washed region been termed an archipelago of mountains and land-locked seas. In this weird region of bottomless depths there are no sand beaches or gravelly shores. All the margins of mainland and

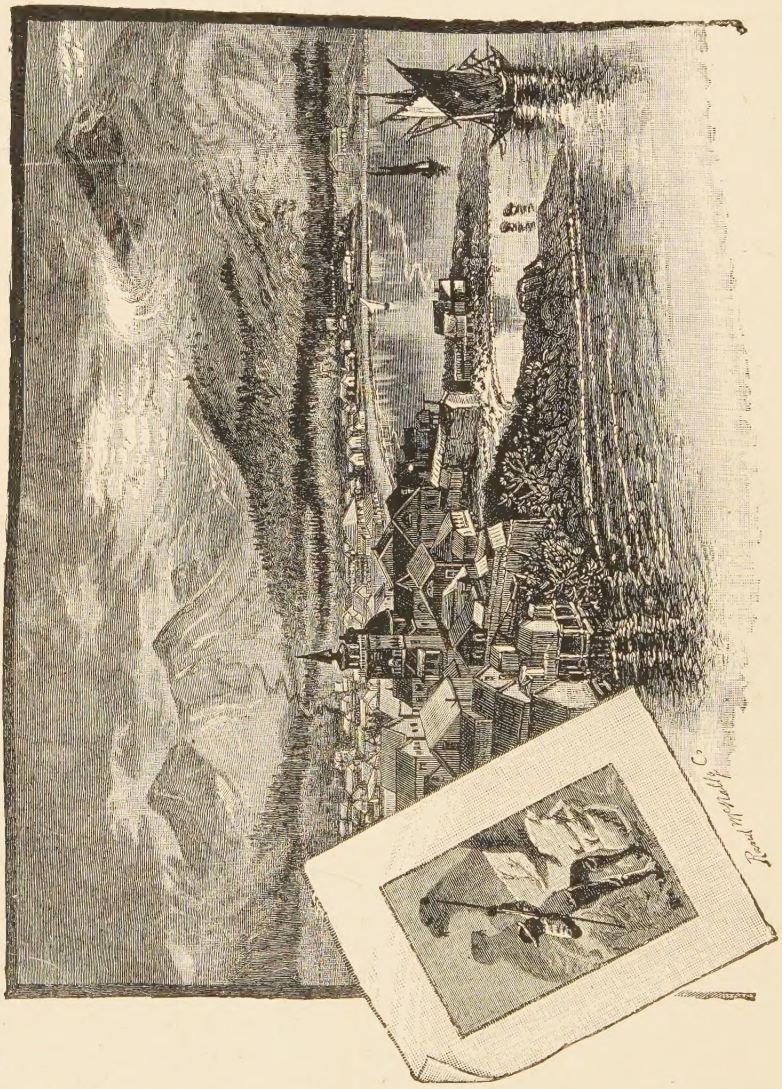
islands drop down plump into inky fathoms of water.

Along these shores there are numerous Indian fishing villages. One of the most remarkable of these was Metlakahtla. A few years ago it was a flourishing village. The story of the reclamation of the Indians from savagery and paganism to civilization and Christianity, through the labours of Mr. Duncan, a lay missionary of the Church of England, is one of intense interest. But on account of dissensions between Mr. Duncan and the officers of the society, the mission was broken up, and Mr. Duncan and his Indians removed to Alaska. A recent visitor to this spot says: "There is a certain pathos about Metlakahtla. It was a village of two-storied houses, with street lamps, gardens, and shell-strewn paths, where fruit has unequalled luxuriance, whose harbour has efficient shelter, where there is a cannery and a sawmill for the employment of the people, the largest church in the province, and a fine mission house. But now the houses are in ruins, gaping windowless on the sea, the church mocks with hollow echoes its scanty services, the cannery and sawmill are broken down, there are no children in the streets, no gatherings in the public place, the guest-house that was once thronged with many travellers has no path to it, and all the gardens are overgrown and waste." A few of the exiled Indians are, it is said, straggling back to their old home.

Port Simpson is twenty miles farther north, near the borders of Alaska. Of it the writer last quoted says: "Fort Simpson is perhaps more attractive than even Metlakahtla. The houses are more numerous and better designed, and the place looks prosperous. At the Methodist mission, which has a good church, is an Industrial School, wherein twenty-five Indian girls are sheltered from impurity and taught to keep house. Fort Simpson has an important Hudson's Bay Company's post dating from 1830, and the log buildings, although defaced in part with modern clap-board and paint, have a

NATURE'S MONUMENT, PACIFIC COAST.

little of the natural frontier dignity which pervades the true Hudson's Bay factory. One of the bastions, and even some curtailed parts of the old stockade, still exist. There are now nine or ten whites in the village. The houses occupy a point of land and a little island forming part of the breakwater of the fine circular bay, cited officially as the best of the British Columbian harbours."



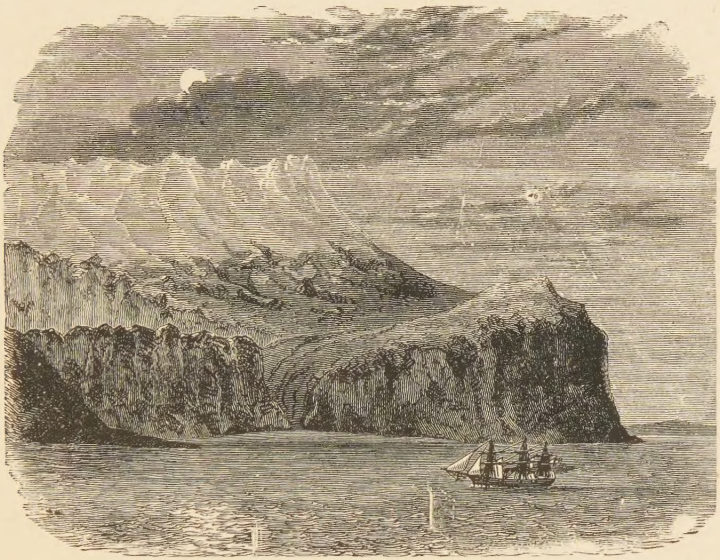
SITKA, ALASKA.

Here the Rev. Thomas Crosby and his devoted wife have been the means, in the hands of Providence, of working a moral miracle in the habits of the natives. The commodious church was erected almost entirely at the expense of the natives and numerous outlying missions at Bella-Bella, Bella-Coola, Naas River, Port Essington, Queen Charlotte Islands, and the Upper Skeena. For many years Mr. Crosby travelled up and down the wild west coast in a

native dug-out canoe; but now the *Glad Tidings*, mission steam yacht, furnishes a readier means of access to the scattered mission stations. In this heroic work he is nobly seconded by the Rev. Messrs. Green, Jennings, Bryant and others, and by several native assistants. The history of Christian missions on this coast is a chapter of strangest romance and heroism.

Alaska is sharply divided from the Dominion of Canada by the 141st degree of west longitude, from the Arctic Ocean to Mount St. Elias, thence by an irregular line seldom more than thirty miles from the sea to the 55th parallel—a farther distance of six hundred miles. It is eleven hundred miles long and eight hundred miles broad, and has an area of five hundred and twelve thousand square miles. Discovered in 1741 by a Russian expedition under Behring, at the cost of the great navigator's life, it came under the control of the Czar, who encouraged the planting of various independent settlements until the year 1799, when Paul VIII. granted the whole territory to the Russo-American Fur Company, who established forty stations, and conducted a flourishing trade for more than sixty years. In 1867 it was purchased by the United States Government for $7,200,000. The greater part of the country is unknown, but enough of it has been explored by traders, scientists and sportsmen to show that one of the world's greatest wonderlands lies within its boundaries.

The climate of Alaska is phenomenal. The warm waters of the ocean give off a copious moisture, which is thrown by the winds against the snow-clad mountains and glaciers, and is precipitated in thick mists and torrents of rain. At Sitka the mean temperature is 49°.9, and the average rainfall eighty inches.

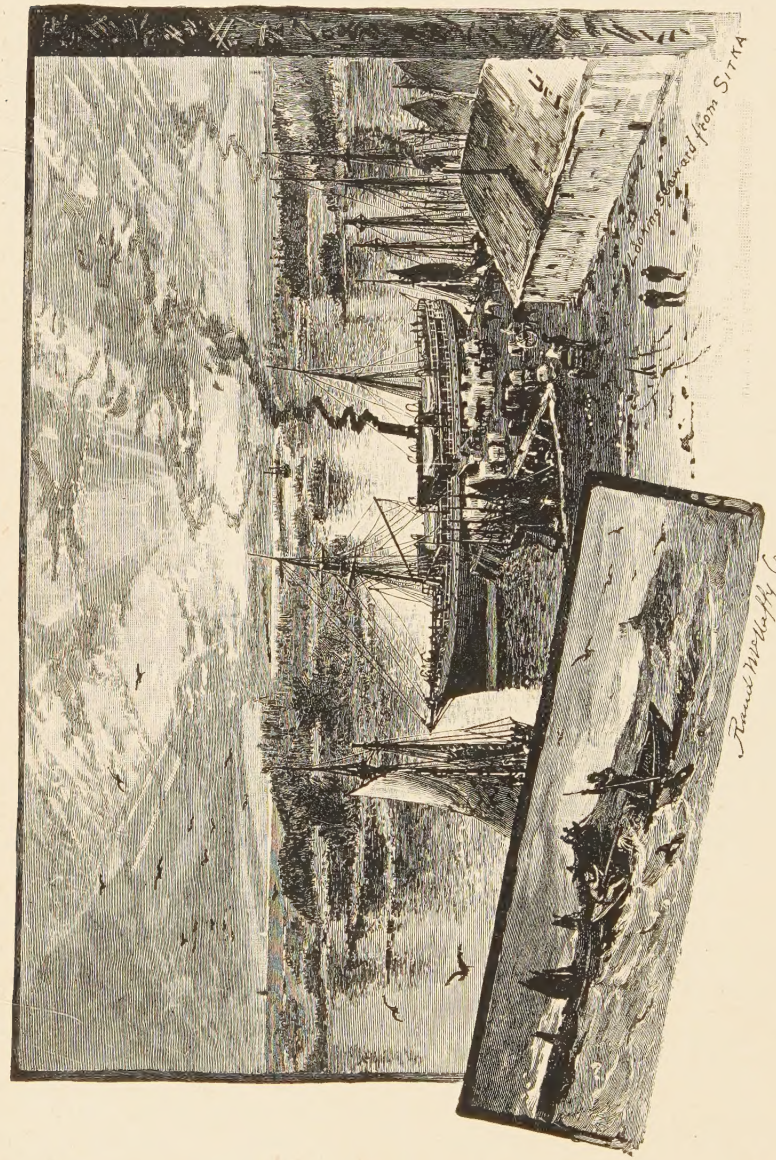


ALASKAN CLIFFS.

For about one thousand miles from the southern extremity of Vancouver's Island northwards there stretches a vast archipelago, in the midst of which is the Inland Passage above described. On reaching the Alaskan territory, snowy mountain peaks begin to appear; and higher still, crowns of ice debouch

in the shape of glaciers right down to the water's level; and, finally, all the wonders of the Arctic regions are seen on a reduced scale. The

and one of the three principal settlements. It contains fifteen hundred inhabitants, and is the residence of a Greek bishop. The surrounding



THOUSAND ISLANDS, LOOKING SEAWARD FROM SITKA.

Inland Passage terminates just beyond Sitka, which, as New Archangel, was the capital of Russian America. It is now the headquarters of the United States authorities,

scenery, as shown in our cut, is magnificent. So mild and moist is the climate that the grass here grows five feet high, dandelions are as large as asters, and buttercups twice

the usual size. On the forest-clad mountain slopes the spruces grow to an enormous size, with remarkably dense foliage, and the rocks are covered with beds of moss of great depth.

Round the coast-line from Sitka Inlet an immense wall of ice stretches for hundreds of miles, broken only by the estuaries of considerable rivers. Farther on, Mount St. Elias, an active volcano, rises, a mass of snow and ice, twenty thousand feet sheer from the ocean's edge which thunders at its base. Near Mount St. Elias is the greatest cluster of high mountains on the Western Continent—Lituya Peak, ten thousand feet high; Fairweather, fifteen thousand five hundred; and Crillon, still higher; then, beyond, Cook and Vancouver cluster near sublime St. Elias, whose jagged top may be seen a hundred and fifty miles to sea. How disappointing are the Colorado peaks of twelve and fourteen thousand feet, for the simple reason that they spring from a plain already six to eight thousand feet above sea-level, and seem, as they are, but high hills on a high plateau. How like pigmies they appear to Hood, Tacoma, Shasta and others, whose every foot above sea-level is in mountain slope. On the eastern side of St. Elias the coast curves slightly to the south. A long promontory, cut up into innumerable forest-fringed bays, and protected by a maze of rocks and islets, reaches out into the Pacific, and tapers off into a grand chain of islands which stretch half-way across to Asia, and are covered with woods, prairies and volcanoes.

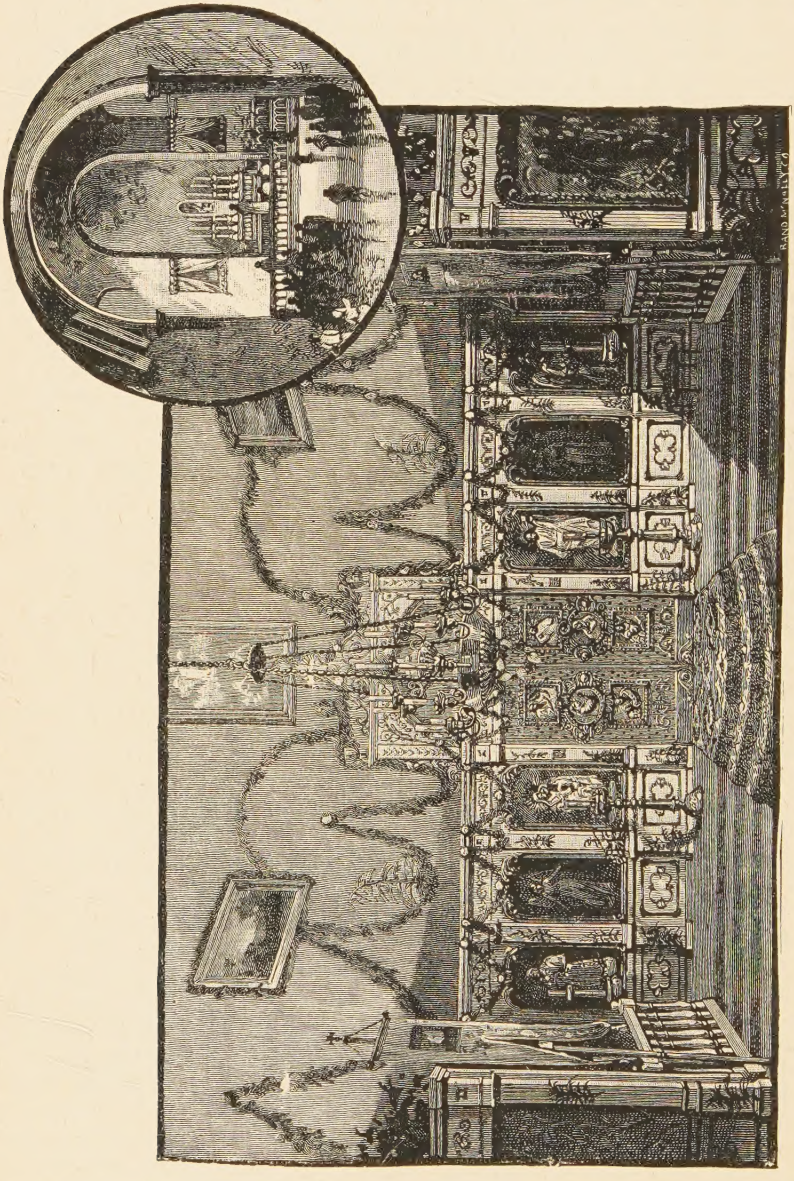
Alaska is a land of mountains. Vast forests run up their slopes, often to an altitude of two thousand feet, and are rich in cedar, spruce, alder, larch and fir, some of which develop colossal proportions. The rivers swarm with salmon and trout. The king salmon sometimes reaches a length of six feet, and weighs about ninety pounds. It is for its sea-fisheries, however, that Alaska is most famous. Enormous quantities of halibut, cod, smelt, flounders, etc., are caught on its coast. The adjacent Aleutian Islands are the home of the fur seal. The Yukon River is two thousand and forty-four miles long, in two places upwards of twenty miles broad, fed by innumerable tributaries of unknown length and capacity, and discharging, it is alleged, a greater volume of water than any other river in the world.

This great lonely land is said to have only thirty thousand inhabitants, mostly Indians and Eskimo. The constant life of some of the Indians on the water has produced a most preponderating development of the chest and upper limbs over the lower, so that their gait on land is like that of aquatic birds. Stern experience has given the trading Indians a keen eye for business, and they are at length discovering the value of the products of their country. Once, when an Indian wanted a gun, for example, an old flint-lock was produced, and he had to pile skin upon skin until the heap reached the muzzle, and in return for three or four hundred dollars' worth of furs he would receive the antiquated but coveted weapon. The Hudson's Bay Company employed, it is said, remarkably long-barrelled guns in this traffic; but now the Indians understand the value of furs as well as the purchaser. Some of the Indian houses are quite respectable, being made with cedar, with a polished floor, and handsomely adorned. Most of the habitations, however, are squalid beyond measure. The dense resinous smoke blackens the walls and fills the house with fumes which are sufficiently disagreeable without the odour of decayed salmon, with which they are usually impregnated.

After crossing the International boundary the first settlement reached is Wrangell, which is a tumble-down

dilapidated-looking town, in a most beautifully picturesque situation. It is the port to the Cassiar mines in British Columbia, reached by the Stickeen River, a most picturesque stream, which pierces the Coast Range through a Yosemite valley more than a hundred miles long, from one to three miles wide at the bottom, and from five thousand to eight thousand feet deep.

Sitka, the capital of Alaska, is most picturesquely located at the head of Sitka Sound; its bay is full of pretty islets. The steamer, after winding its way through a tortuous channel, finally brings to at a commodious wharf, with the city before



INTERIOR OF GREEK CHURCH, SITKA.

you, which is in strange contrast with the wild, rugged scenery around. In front stretch the white settlements of the town. The Greek church is the most conspicuous and interesting object. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, and is surmounted by an Oriental dome over the centre, which has been painted an emerald green colour. One wing is used as a chapel, and contains, besides a curious font, an exquisite painting of the Virgin and Child, copied from the celebrated picture at Moscow. All the drapery is of silver, and the halo of gold; of the painting itself, nothing is seen but the faces. Through the opening left for the head shows the face of the Virgin, of marvellous sweetness and exquisite colouring. The picture is worthy of a place in the world's great galleries, and it seemed a matter of regret that it is in such a secluded place. The life-size paintings of St. Michael and St. Nicholas on the doors of the altar have elaborate silver draperies and gold halos. The ornaments and the candelabra are all of silver, the walls are hung with portraits of princes and prelates, and the general effect is rich in the extreme

A few old Russians, or "Russian Creoles," present, had an air of being Tolstöi's peasants, and entered into the service with great earnestness. The Indian converts were noticeable for their stupid looks and perfunctory motions, evidently understanding little of the service, which was in Slavonic. The candles in the hanging silver lamps (similar to those seen at the Greek altars in the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem) seemed to attract them, and in many of the Indian houses we saw "icons" with a light burning before them. This Greek church claims to have a thousand adherents.

AN ARCTIC FJORD IN WINTER.

Next to the church in interest is the old Muscovite castle. Here the stern Romanoff ruled the land, and Baron Wrangell, one of Russia's many celebrated Polar explorers, held sway. The old baronial structure is imposing solely because of its commanding position on the top of a great rock, and is interesting on account of its history and the romantic stories that cling about the vestiges of its fast-decaying

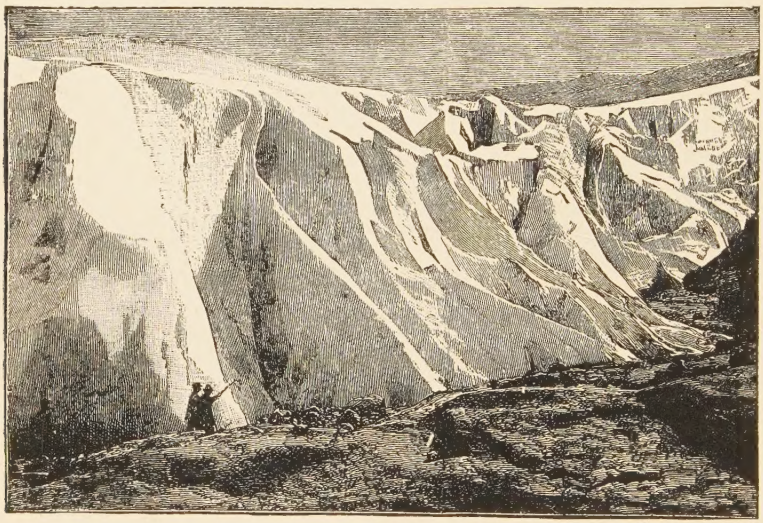
grandeur. Its great timbers are put together in that solid, heavy fashion that recalls the days when this now peaceful settlement was ravaged by Indian wars, and stout walls were a necessity as a defence against attack.

At Sitka the American Presbyterians have a prosperous mission with a school and orphanage, established by Mrs. McFarlane, a devoted American lady, who was for some years the only white woman in the country—a region larger than the whole of France.

At Glacier Bay, near Mount St. Elias, the grandeur culminates. Muir Glacier exposes a glittering wall of ice from five hundred to one thousand feet in height, four or five miles across the front, and extending forty miles back. From one point thirty huge glaciers may be seen.

"In all Switzerland," says Lieut. Schwatka, "there is nothing comparable to these Alaskan glaciers, where the frozen wastes rise straight from the sea, and a steamer can go up within an eighth of a mile, and cruise beside them."

Lord Dufferin has pronounced the scenery of Alaska to be the sublimest he has witnessed in all his travels. He says: "While its glaciers and mountains are five times as large as those of the Alpine regions, Alaska possesses, in addition, the changeful beauty of the sea; while the Alpine mountains attain their grandeur slowly, rising from the level by a succession of foot-hills, these peaks of the northland rise abruptly from the sea to a snow-crowned, ice-crowned height, not surpassed by the loftiest peaks of the Alps." Alaska is *par excellence* the scenic store-ground of the world, its inlets rivalling the fjords of Norway, and its glaciers far surpassing those of Switzerland.

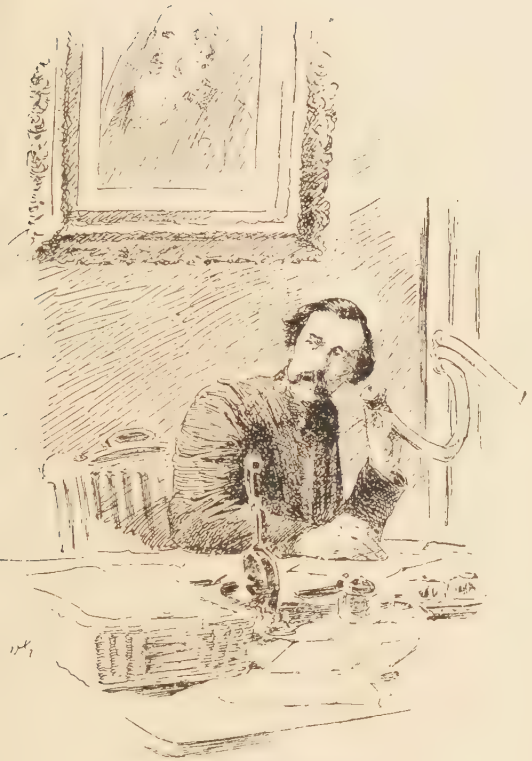


A TYPICAL GLACIER.

GET leave to work
In this world,—'tis the best you get at all.
—*E. B. Browning.*

THE SALVATION ARMY AT WORK.

BY EDMUND K. ALDEN.



GENERAL BALLINGTON BOOTH.

A BODY of men and women hard at work is the characterization which the Salvationists would probably prefer for themselves. Everybody, from commander to the last night's recruit, is supposed to labour. The methods are partly prescribed and partly at individual discretion. The main object is, to put it bluntly, "get saved, stay saved." The mottoes and epigrams of the Army remind one of the pithy exhortation of Suvaroff to the Russian soldiers: "The bullet is a fool; charge with the bayonet!"

The general principles of the organization are familiar to the mass of readers, but it may surprise many to learn how strict is the discipline, and how numerous are the regulations ordained for the conduct of the officer. Each one has his appointed duties—cadet, lieutenant, captain or ensign, adjutant, staff-captain or major, brigadier, colonel, and commander. On inspecting the "Rules for Officers in the Slum Work," we find that to each is assigned the task of spending six hours a day in meetings or in visiting the poor, and, further, "No slum officer to leave her post without permission from the staff-officer in command"; "8 a.m., breakfast, Bible readings, and prayer"; "9.45–10.15, private prayer"; "5.30, supper."

Some of the stipulations seem rather binding to a non-military Christian: "Never go in debt without permission from headquarters." "Always have *two* persons to *count* the collections." "No marriage can take place without the *consent* of Headquarters." Note this also: "What is the rule of the Army with regard to courting? (1) Those who *flirt*, and are found out, which is usually the case, are sent home again. (4) If . . . any engagements are formed, information to this effect must be forwarded in confidence to the General-in-chief, who, if he approves, gives consent to such engagement." Again, on miscellaneous topics: "What advice does the Army give about reading? It is better *not* to read secular—that is, the ordinary—newspapers. Of course you will not read any novels. Avoid *all* the ordinary religious books." "How can you best attend to your health? Eat moderately. Don't eat suppers. Keep your feet dry. Keep off all doctors, if possible." "What is the Army

rule with regard to going out to dinner, tea, and the like? By all means avoid everything of the kind." "Suggestions concerning your own spiritual life . . . (5) Resolve that you will instantly resist the very appearance of evil. Be a clean Salvationist. N.B. Fasten this up in a prominent part of the officers' quarters."

Where salvation is the motive and the name, and great attention is given to minutiæ, there is of course a kind of registry of converts. We ask the adjutant for information

THE ARMY HEADQUARTERS.

touching New York City during a certain period; he consults a clerk, who turns to a ledger and reads with somewhat startling plainness the number saved at station one in July, 1892, the number at station three, and so forth for the six stations—"total souls, 120." While in the statistical bureau we will copy a few items concerning that city. In seven months of the current year the "slum sisters" visited 7,801 families, 7,186 saloons, held seventy-eight meetings in tenement houses, scrubbed seventy-eight rooms, and "laboured" with 20,307 persons in and about saloons. Strict account is kept of the attendance at meetings, and of the number of persons who come to the "penitent form."

The Headquarters is the focus of inspiration and assistance. To it go officers who are leading the forlorn hope somewhere on the East Side, and there they receive encouragement and proffers of help. It is to the Salvationists a denominational house and war department combined. Contrary to what is probably a prevalent impression, only a small proportion, about ten per cent., of the workers in the United States are of English nationality. The same phenomenon is noticeable abroad; in Switzerland, in France, in Germany, in India, foreign helpers are dispensed with as soon as possible, the aim being a paraphrase of the old war order, "Put none but natives on guard."

The casual observer is acquainted with the tambourine and bass-drum features of the Army work, but not with the self-sacrificing house-to-house labour of some of these men and women. A "slum sister," appearing—apart from her uniform—very much like one of the tenement house dwellers, in apron and cotton dress, enters the homes of the "Bend," or "Hell's Kitchen," or places in the West Side which we never think of invading, and mends clothes, helps the old people, nurses the sick, procures medical care for the children, sells garments, in short, regards no helpful work as degrading; she does about everything except giving money outright; this is reserved for rare cases.

Let us visit a meeting, one which the staff-captain calls "one of our respectable meetings." A glance on entering the building shows that his remark is true. There is decorum, a grand piano, and an air of comparative prosperity among the auditors. It might almost be a "neighbourhood prayer-meeting" somewhere in the country, we think, as acquaintances greet one another before the hour of opening, as women bring their families, as girls enter with their hymn-books and reverently bow in silent prayer. Evidently this Army station is an institution of long standing. A policeman is seated at the door, but his presence is merely ornamental. Soon the leaders, four men and seven women strong, file in and take places on the platform, and the illusion of the neighbourhood meeting is dispelled. No pillars of a village church ever demonstrate so strikingly the fervour of their religious feelings. The leader of the gathering makes a short address of welcome, alluding to her recent absence, after which follows the usual variety of short addresses, short prayers, and songs, prominent among which is "He's the Lily of the Valley, the Bright and Morning Star." This old Salvation Army favourite is rendered about twenty times, in almost all possible ways, by the leader alone, by the choir, by all standing, by the seventy-five members of the audience alone, with accompaniment of tambourines, of handkerchief-waving, of hand-clapping, in groups and in unison, with a continual *crescendo* effect. A young man testifies that he has been fighting the devil all the morning, and is greeted with "amens" and cries of encouragement. A young woman on the platform tells how she broke away from her evil life. An "auxiliary" rises, looking a little out of place in his semi-clerical garb, but he is not at all out of place in the timeliness and excellence of his words, which are cordially appreciated. Again the leader rises and sings, "There'll be no more sorrow there," and "I'm going to meet Jesus up there," each time more plaintively and tenderly.

Now come to another meeting in a widely different quarter of the city. But it is well to leave our watches and valuables at home, to don our old clothes, and to appear, not exactly disreputable, but a little more "in harmony with our environment." In streets of whose very names we were previously ignorant,

THE SLUM BRIGADE.

where members of various nationalities eye us suspiciously as we stumble along in the gloom, among saloons wide open, old rookeries, blind alleys, and places of evil resort, the Salvationists have established some of their stations. The barracks are, perhaps, on the upper floor of an old house, in appearance precisely like its neighbours. We enter. A well-dressed visitor would attract instant attention and comment in this audience. In assemblies like this the policeman is not a useless spectator. The piano is replaced by a heavy drum. Some blear-eyed

individuals have wandered in—out of the sin and darkness—to the back seats. The auditors are not enthusiastic, nor always attentive. But the "Hallelujah lassie" is cheerily trying to sell her stated number of "War Crys"; the young officer in charge is earnestly singing, "I am happy all the day, since Jesus came to stay"; a boy eighteen years old rises to say, "I was saved last Monday night at Woodside Park. I have never felt so happy in my life as I have since. You fellows, and you girls too, ought to come and get saved." The instant the meeting drags, the conductor starts a hymn, perhaps to the tune of "The Old Kentucky Home," and several listeners join in the refrain.

Not very far from the centre of the old village of Greenwich, now imbedded in the great West Side, was the ancient Berean Church. This has been converted by the Army into a food and shelter station, and rechristened the "Lighthouse." The upper audience-room now forms the hall for meetings; the basement is divided into a restaurant, furnished with tables and a long counter, a kitchen, and a sleeping-room equipped with fifty beds. For seven cents the wayfarer procures a lodging; the bed is a plain wooden frame, on the floor, three and a half by seven feet, provided with an excelsior mattress and an oilcloth covering. The room is lighted, clean, and far more comfortable than the typical "Bowery lodging-house." We sample the bill of fare in the restaurant, and we buy a good plate of soup for two cents; a plate of beans costs two cents; tea or coffee the same. The more elaborate dishes of beef stew, or corned beef and cabbage, are served for four cents, and meat pie costs five. In fine, supper, lodging, and breakfast can be obtained for fifteen to twenty cents. "If you or your friends are poor, or if you are in bad luck, or if your work does not give you time to cook your meals, we can help you"; and again, "You can buy what you wish and eat it in the building, or take it to your home." Such is their programme.

The shelter officers have been at work in this place for seven months, and very rough treatment they experienced at first, and considerable physical violence was offered. But the pleasant-faced captain does not seem discouraged; nor the waiter, as he sings a snatch of an Army song: he has had an extraordinary history, as student in a great English university, as private secretary to a noted statesman, as wanderer, outcast, and drunkard on the streets of New York.

During these seven months the shelter has supplied thousands of meals and lodgings and found employment for hundreds of men. Comparatively few of the visitors thus entertained were unable to pay their way. How did these latter fare? Come with us down a very doubtful flight of stairs into the cellar of the old church. Observe that large pile of wood, saw-horse and saw resting suggestively near, and you will understand that able-bodied drones are not welcomed when they apply for free meals and lodgings.

It is doubtful whether theologians have devoted much attention to the dogmatic side of the Army. The creed lays great stress on the personal experience of each believer. The authority of the Bible is emphasized. The catechism is quite full upon the topics of the atonement, election, the perseverance of saints, and sanctification, and some space is devoted to combating what are stated to be the errors of Calvin and Calvinists. A few extracts from this catechism will afford an idea of the official teachings of the Army on some theological points:

"Did God make men sinners? *Ans.* Oh dear no! God made Adam

Armenian Salvationist converted in New York city
Canadian Indian delegate to the Salvationist Congress in London
Salvation "Lassie", New York costume
The Maréchale Booth-Clibborn, recently in America
A familiar figure

TYPES OF SOLDIERS.

and Eve, our first parents, perfectly pure, and pronounced them to be good." "What is the meaning of Redemption? *Ans.* Redemption means . . . . to get out of pawn by payment of a price." "If a debt is paid, it is paid, and the sinner's *unbelief* does not in any way affect the *fact*." "Then if a man goes to Hell, it is his own fault? *Ans.* Yes." "But how about the heathen who have never heard the Gospel? *Ans.* We leave them to the mercy of God." "When talking about the forgiveness of sins, is it wise to avoid such terms as regeneration, justification, and the like? *Ans.* Yes. . . . Use the plain words pardon and conversion; everybody will then know what you mean." "In this age, specially in the Army, few, if any, can smoke or drink without feeling both to be *wasteful, injurious,* and *unclean habits*." "What are your views on the subject of backsliding? *Ans.* I believe it is possible for those who have been truly converted to fall away and be finally lost." "Whatever is contrary to the teaching of this book (the Bible) must be considered false and thrown overboard."

In a short sketch like the present there is space to touch on a few things only. Some of the most suggestive efforts of the Salvationists are being prosecuted abroad, and among the fields of operation we may instance India. There is one man whose services in that country are regarded by the officers as of the highest value. To him, in his early experience, it occurred that a first step was to discard his European hat, boots, and trousers, and to adopt the turban and the native dress. He followed up this plan by conforming to the native mode of dwelling. He abandoned chairs, sat on the floor, and slept on a mat. Further he made use of the distinctive Buddhist colour—a tan—in his uniform, and transformed himself into a fakir. Like a local

holy man, he begged bread from door to door. By these methods he aroused a storm of opposition from certain government authorities and missionaries. He "did a month's time"—so his biographer remarks—in gaol. But he persevered, and his system has been the model of the local Army in India. About five hundred officers are at work. They accustom themselves to local habits, and recruit the ranks from the natives. To the believers in Islam, Hinduism, or Buddhism they offer at first no direct attacks on faith or tenets, but say, "We have got something better."

That the Army should have startled the religious world was inevitable. That it should have shocked many was also inevitable. But that a thoughtful observer should dismiss the whole movement as a latter-day freak, as a sort of parallel to the wild sects of the Middle Ages, is surely irrational. Painstaking search ought to dispel the illusion that there is nothing beneath the roll of the drums and the blare of the trumpets. The Auxiliary class is a proof that outsiders are recognizing the unique value of the Army's services, and that Salvationists admit the great worth of the moral and physical aid thus received. The methods often appear to us incongruous with the aims. Results are the goal and the glory of the officers. They have taken a large contract—the moral, spiritual, and, to a certain degree, physical reclaiming of the "submerged tenth," the fourth estate, the non-church-going masses. But they have, apparently, no doubt of ultimate success.—*The Christian Union.*

"YE ARE MY WITNESSES."

Tell me, pilgrim, faint and weary,
Travelling o'er this pathway dim,
Are you shedding light around you?
Are you witnessing for Him?

Do you try to tell the story
Of the precious Saviour's love?
Are you hungering and thirsting
Evermore your love to prove?

Are you seeking out the lost ones
Whom the Master died to win?
Are you showing them the fountain
That can wash away their sin?

Are you looking by the wayside
For the weary ones who fall?
Do you take them to the Saviour,
Who has promised rest for all?

Do you love to read the Bible?
Is it precious to your soul?
Are its treasures growing richer
As you travel toward the goal?

Do you love to talk of Jesus
More than all the world beside?
Does it bring a holy comfort
With His people to abide?

Have you made a consecration
Of your time and earthly store?
If your all is on the altar,
Then the Master asks no more.

Thus, O pilgrim, should we journey,
Showing forth the Master's praise,
With our lamps all trimmed and burning,
That the world may catch their rays.

LIFE'S AUTUMN.

I have no wit, no words no tears;
My heart within me, like a stone,
Is numbed too much for hopes or fears;
Look right, look left, I dwell alone;
I lift mine eyes, but, dimmed with grief,
No everlasting hills I see,
My heart is in the falling leaf;
O Jesus, quicken me!

My life is like a faded leaf,
My harvest dwindled to a husk;
Truly my life is void and brief
And tedious in the barren dusk.
My life is like a frozen thing,
No bud or greenness can I see,
Yet rise it shall—the sap of spring
O Jesus, rise in me!

—*Christina Rosetti.*

THE CONGO AND ITS MISSIONS.

BY ADELINA M. TESKEY.

"Still humanity grows dearer
Being learned the more."
—*Jean Ingelow.*

STANLEY'S EXPEDITION—DRAGGING BOATS OVER PORTAGE ON THE CONGO.

Ever since Stanley completed his work in 1877 of tracing the Congo River, the attention of all Christendom has been attracted toward this great highway into the heart of Africa. In 1484, Dogo Cam, a Portuguese navigator, sighted the mouth of the Congo, but not until 1877 was there any definite knowledge concerning it. The cataract region is said to be the obstacle which kept so long secret this great highway, but, that passed, there has also been discovered one thousand one hundred miles of navigable river, and beyond the Stanley Falls another two thousand miles of riverway.

The Congo varies greatly in width, and flows with great velocity in places, eroding the banks to such an extent that granite rocks, schist, mica, gneiss and quartz are exposed. In such localities the vegetation is scarce and stunted. In the more level regions, where the river has formed itself into quiet pools or lakes, the banks are forest-clad, rich soil has accumulated, which is cultivated by the natives for raising ground nuts, sweet potatoes, Indian corn, cassava bushes, and all garden produce. In places may be found some of the richest soil in the world. As might be expected in such a soil, the vegetation is of tropical luxuriance and endless variety. Beautiful creepers, ferns and palms lend their rare grace to the scene, and wild flowers, from the purest white to the most gorgeously coloured, embroider the landscape.

"The beauty of the leaf-forms alone," says a traveller, "is a pleasure, while the tints, from the darkest green to soft yellow, delicate pink, bronze, chocolate, and bright crimson, are mysteries of colour." The grass even, like other things, is of gigantic proportions. Stanley gives us a passage descriptive of the country through which he trav-

elled while following up the course of the great river:

"Over the whole Nature has flung a robe of verdure of the most fervid tints. She has bidden the mountains loose their streamlets, has commanded the hills and ridges to bloom, filled the valleys with vegetation breathing perfume, for the rocks she has woven garlands of creepers, and the stems of trees she has draped with moss; and sterility she has banished from her dominion. Yet Nature has not provided a soft, velvety England in the midst of Africa. Far from it. She is here too robust and prolific. Her grasses are coarse, and wound like knives and needles, her reeds are tough and tall as bamboos, her creepers are of cable thickness and length, her thorns are hooks of steel, her trees shoot up to the height of one hundred feet. We find no pleasure in straying in search of wild flowers, and game is left undisturbed, for once the main path is left we find ourselves overhead among thick, tough, unyielding, lacerating grass."

Bird and insect life are as prolific and varied as plant life. "If I were to enter into the details of the insect world I saw within the area of a square foot," wrote Mr. Stanley, "an entire chapter might readily have been filled." Game is most abundant. Elephants are numerous, and leopards are found throughout the country. There are two species of buffalo on the Upper Congo, and many monkeys inhabit the woods. The lion has disappeared from certain districts. Hippopotami and crocodiles abound in the river. Fish are plentiful, and are largely caught by the natives.

It has been said that the climate of Africa has been unduly vilified. But while its malarial fevers have claimed many victims, missionaries have proved that it is possible to live on the Congo. Wild winds, torrents of rain, thunder and lightning, make the stranger think at times the world is going to pieces. But notwithstanding the intensity of the electric storms, accidents by lightning are rare.

Amid all this wildness and variety of the vegetable and animal world there exists a similar wild-

STANLEY'S CHIEF CARPENTER POCOCK CARRIED OVER FALLS ON THE CONGO.

ness and variety among the tribes of men which inhabit the unknown continent. "Fierce, wild savagery, loathsome cannibalism, cruelty, the densest darkness and degradation

KING OF THE CHUMBIRI, CONGO COUNTRY.

of heathenism—such was the aspect as the white man, with some one hundred and fifty followers, endeavoured quietly and peaceably to paddle in mid-stream past their villages."

Well might Stanley exclaim as he rowed up the majestic river, among the surrounding luxuriance of vegetation,

> "Every prospect pleases,
> And only man is vile!"

Until the missionary explorations of Dr. Livingstone, nothing could be done toward the evangelization of the interior of Africa. All efforts were confined to the coast. He drew attention to the peoples and their needs. On his first return visit to England, in 1856, he said to his countrymen: "I go back to Africa to make an open path for commerce and Christianity. Do you carry out the work which I have begun. I leave it with you."

As to the missions on the Congo River, the Baptist Society appear to have made the first step in that direction. Mr. Arthington, of Leeds, wrote to the Baptist Missionary Society, offering them one thousand pounds if they would undertake mission work in the Congo country. The society accepted the offer, and sent word to two of their missionaries to prepare for a journey to that region. About this time Mr. Stanley had arrived at the mouth of the Congo, having traced the course of the river.

Shortly after this a party arrived on the river to found the Livingstone Inland Mission—undenominational. Mr. Crudgington of this party, according to Mr. Stanley's advice, returned home to get a steel sectional boat, the *Plymouth*. He hoped to be able to navigate the cataract region.

Great progress has been made since that time in the opening up of the country. Trading houses have

MNYAMWEZI PAGAZI.

pushed far into the interior, and a railway is in course of construction to connect the upper and lower river, and transport merchandise past the cataract region.

Mission work has been pushed forward one thousand miles from the coast. The English Baptist Mission have now eight stations in active work. Two steamers, the *Peace* and the *Goodwill,* supply the upper river stations. The Livingstone Congo Mission became too large for the management of Dr. and Mrs. Guinness, and was by them handed over to the American Baptist Missionary Union. Their steamer, the *Henry Reed,* supplies their upper river stations.

The Congo Balolo Mission have a staff of twenty-three workers, and seven missions. The Southern Presbyterian Church of the United States have four missionaries on the Congo. The Evangelical Missionary Union, in connection with Mr. Simpson's tabernacle, New York, is also at work.

The African is a great lover of music, so much so that someone has said a London organ-grinder could go in perfect safety through the heart of Africa unguarded; so the singing missionary will gain the ears of the people, if not their hearts.

Bishop Taylor, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, began a mission on the Congo in 1886. He has been eminently successful in other mission fields, and felt his great heart fired with a desire to carry the news of salvation to Central Africa. His plan is to carry on self-supporting missions.

"He went in the strength of dependence
To tread where his Master trod,
To gather and knit together
The family of God."

The reports of the success of this self-supporting scheme are somewhat conflicting. The Rev. Holman Bentley, of the English Baptist Mission, in his work, "Life on the Congo," condemns, with undue asperity, it seems to the writer, the proceedings of the bishop, and gives a harrowing description of the "terrible time of starvation, privation and death" which followed the arrival of the bishop's party in Africa. If credence can be given in any measure to this report it shows in an eminent degree the necessity of "strategy in missions."

A great deal has been said about the Christianization of Africa, and very different have been the views

THE "STANLEY" AND "LIVINGSTONE" CANOES.

entertained. The following appeared in the *Missionary Herald:*

"CIVILIZE THE AFRICAN AND THEN CHRISTIANIZE HIM.—This seems to be the order some celebrated African explorers would have missionaries observe. Sir Samuel Baker says: 'The philanthropist and missionary will expend their noble energy in vain in struggling against the savage hordes until the first steps toward their gradual enlightenment shall be made by commerce.' He advises the missionary to wait awhile till the Africans have been humanized.

"Alvan S. Southworth, in an address before the American Geographical Society, said: 'I have roughly computed that the Christian world has spent on missionary labour in Africa, since the era of railroads and telegraphs began, an amount sufficient to have built a railroad along the line of the equator. Let us be practical with the negro, for in his aboriginal state you cannot spiritualize him.'

"He rejoices that such missionaries as the railroad and steamboat are getting into Africa. What are we to infer from these and similar statements? Evidently that those who are devoting their lives to the elevation of Africa are mistaken, for their *modus operandi* is to *evangelize first*, in accordance, as they maintain, with the divinely-appointed method—'Preach the Gospel to every creature.' It has been truly said: 'As there is no philosopher too wise, so there is no child too simple to take in God, through Christ, as the moral life-power in his nature. We may apply this to the lowest of our race in heathendom as well as in Christendom. The Gospel meeting the soul's needs, its greatest want, dispels its darkness. 'The entrance of Thy Word giveth light.' God's Spirit working through the truth and the preacher effects a change without which all benevolent efforts are in vain.

"Attending this change and springing from it, as naturally as a stream from its fountain, there springs up in the heart of the hitherto unclad, filthy, and lazy heathen, a desire for clothing, for soap to cleanse it, and for some industrial pursuit. Then follow neat and comfortable dwellings, schoolhouses, sanctuaries, improved methods of cultivating the soil, and other proof of the civilizing power of the Gospel. . . . The writer can speak from experience. Ten long years of toil among Africans, almost as wild as the beasts which nightly prowled around his dwelling, witnessed no desire for either a shirt or a plough until there were conversions to Christ."

SEVENTH CATARACT OF THE CONGO, STANLEY FALLS.

Perhaps, as with some of the reforms which are being made in our own country, more is to be expected from work among the children of the dark continent than from any other quarter.

"There is a peculiar charm," said one of the travellers, "in the associations

with children in this land of hardened hearts and savage natures; there is a time in the life of the most savage when infancy is free from the fierce instincts of race, even the lion's whelp will fondle the hand that it would tear in riper years: thus, separated in this land of horrors from all civilization, and forced by hard necessity into the vicinity of all that was brutal and disgusting, it was an indescribable relief to be surrounded by those who were yet innocent."

And these little innocents are the subjects of the most cruel barbarities of a cruel people. The cannibal prefers the tender flesh of a child to that of an adult. The cannibals known as Makkarikas, the Arab traders declared, were bad associates, as they insisted on killing and eating the children which the party wished to secure as slaves. Truly, "the dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

WELLAND, Ont.

The missions are establishing schools, and Africa's children are being won for Christ. We would not by the above remarks wish to lead any to believe that the work of the missionary was without effect among adults. They too are being reached, and the mighty miracle of conversion has been wrought in many souls. There has come at times a simultaneous awakening at several mission stations many miles apart, showing that the almighty power of God produces the same glorious effects in working on the hardened hearts of the sons and daughters of Africa.

"Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed Thou know'st,
Wide as our need Thy favours fall;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, o'er the heads of all."

POWER FOR VICTORY.

WAITING for Him in the darkness,
Watching for Him in the light;
Listening to catch His orders
In the very midst of the fight.
Seeing His slightest signal
Across the heads of the throng;
Hearing His faintest whisper
Above earth's loudest song.
Dwelling beneath His shadow
In the burden and heat of the day;
Looking for His appearing
As the hours wear fast away.
Shining, to give Him glory;
Working to praise His name,
Bearing with Him the suffering,
Bearing for Him the shame.

Art thou afraid to trust Him,
Seeming so far away?
Wherefore, then, not keep closer—
Close as He says we may?
Why, then, not walk beside Him,
Holding His blessed hand;
Patiently walking onward
All through the weary land?

Passing safe through the mazes,
The tangle of grief and care;
Safe through the blossoming garden
Where only the world looks fair;
Crossing with Him the chasm,
As it were by a single thread;
Fording with Him the river—
Christ leading as He had led.

Then up the heights of glory,
Unfollowed by death or sin;
Swift through the pearl-white portal
Thy feet may enter in.
Into the realm of music
Where not a note will jar:
Into the clime of sweetness,
Which not a breath will mar;
Where sighs are all out of hearing,
And tears are all out of sight;
And the shadows on earth are forgotten
In the heaven which has no night;
Where loss yields its long-lost interest,
And bitter its long-hid sweet;
And they sing, "Unto Him that loved us,"
And lay down their crowns at His feet.

THE NEW ASTRONOMY.

II.—THE PLANETS.

When we look up at the heavens we see, if we watch through the night, the host of stars rising in the east and passing above us to sink in the west, always at the same distance and in unchanging order, each seeming a point of light as feeble as the glow-worm's shine in the meadow over which they are rising, each flickering as though the evening wind would blow it out. The infant stretches forth his hand to grasp the Pleiades; but when the child has become an old man the "Seven Stars" are still there unchanged, dim only in his aged sight, and proving themselves the enduring substance, while it is his own life which has gone, as the shine of the glow-worm in the night. They were there just the same a hundred generations ago, before the pyramids were built, and they will tremble there still, when the pyramids have been worn down to dust with the blowing of the desert sand against their granite sides. They watched the earth grow fit for man long before man came, and they will doubtless be shining on when our poor human race itself has disappeared from the surface of this planet.

Probably there is no one of us who has not felt this solemn sense of their almost infinite duration as compared with his own little portion of time, and it would be a worthy subject for our thought if we could study them in the light that the New Astronomy sheds for us on their nature. But I must here confine myself to the description of but a few of their number, and speak, not of the infinite multitude and variety of stars, each a self-shining sun, but only of those which move close at hand; for it is not true of quite all that they keep at the same distance and order.

Of the whole celestial army which the naked eye watches, there are five stars which do change their places in the ranks, and these change in an irregular and capricious manner, going about among the others, now forward and now back, as if lost and wandering through the sky. These wanderers were long since known by distinct names, as Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter and Saturn, and believed to be nearer than the others; and they are, in fact, companions to the earth, and fed, like it, by the warmth of our sun, and, like the moon, are visible by the sunlight which they reflect to us. With the earliest use of the telescope it was found that while the other stars remained in it mere points of light as before, these became magnified into disks on which markings were visible, and the markings have been found with our modern instruments, in one case at least, to take the appearance of oceans and snow-capped continents and islands. These, then, are not uninhabitable self-shining suns, but worlds, vivified from the same fount of energy that supplies us, and the possible abode of creatures like ourselves.

"Properly speaking," it is said, "man is the only subject of interest to man"; and if we have cared to study the uninhabitable sun because all that goes on there is found to be so intimately related to us, it is surely a reasonable curiosity which prompts the question so often heard as to the presence of life on these neighbour worlds, where it seems not impossible that life should exist. Even the very little we can say in answer to this question will always be interesting; but we must regretfully admit at the outset that it is but little, and that with some planets, like Mercury and Venus, the

great telescopes of modern times cannot do much more than those of Galileo, with which our New Astronomy had its beginning, though perhaps it should be added that Schiaparelli's late observations of these two planets seem to show that they always turn the same face towards the sun, just as the moon does towards the earth. Let us leave these, then, and pass out to the confines of the planetary system.

The outer planets, Neptune and Uranus, remain pale disks in the most powerful instruments—the first attended by a single moon, the second by four, barely visible; and there is so very little yet known about their physical features that we shall do better to give our attention to one of the most interesting objects in the whole heavens—the planet Saturn, on which we can at any rate see enough to arouse a lively curiosity to know more.

In all the heavens there is no more wonderful object than Saturn, for it preserves to us an apparent type of the plan on which all the worlds were originally made. The planet, we must remember, is a globe nearly seventy thousand miles in diameter, and the outermost ring is over one hundred and fifty thousand miles across. The belts on the globe show delicate tints of brown and blue, and parts of the ring are, as a whole, brighter than the planet; but this ring consists of at least three main divisions, each itself containing separate features. First is the gray outer ring, then the middle one, and next the curious "crape" ring, very much darker than the others, looking like a belt where it crosses the planet, and apparently feebly transparent, for the outline of the globe has been seen (though not very distinctly) *through* it. The whole system of rings is of the most amazing thinness, for it is probably thinner in proportion to its size than the paper on which this is printed is to the width of the page; and when it is turned edgewise to us, it disappears to all but the most powerful telescopes, in which it looks then like the thinnest conceivable line of light, on which the moons have been seen projected, apparently like beads sliding along a golden wire. The rotation of the ring has been made out by direct observations; and the whole is in motion about the globe—a motion so smooth and steady that there is no flickering in the shadow

> "Where Saturn's steadfast shade sleeps on
> its luminous ring."

What is it? No solid could hold together under such conditions; we can hardly admit the possibility of its being a liquid film extended in space; and there are difficulties in admitting it to be gaseous. But if not a solid, a liquid, or a gas, again what can it be? It was suggested nearly two centuries ago that the ring might be composed of innumerable little bodies like meteorites, circling round the globe so close together as to give the appearance we see, much as a swarm of bees at a distance looks like a continuous cloud; and this remains the most plausible solution of what is still in some degree a mystery. Whatever it be, we see in the ring the condition of things which, according to the nebular hypothesis, once pertained to all the planets at a certain stage of their formation; and this, with the extraordinary lightness of the globe (for the whole planet would float on water), make us look on it as still in the formative stage of uncondensed matter, where the solid land as yet is not, and the foot could find no resting-place. Astrology figured Saturn as "spiteful and cold—an old man melancholy"; but if we may indulge such a speculation, modern astronomy rather leads us to think of it as in the infancy of its life, with every process of planetary growth still in its future, and separated by an almost unlimited stretch of years from the time

when life under the conditions in which we know it can ever begin to exist.

Like this appears also the condition of Jupiter, the greatest of the planets, whose globe, eighty-eight thousand miles in diameter, turns so rapidly that the centrifugal force causes a visible flattening. The belts which stretch across its disk are of all delicate tints—some pale blue, some of a crimson lake; a sea-green patch has been seen, and at intervals of late years there has been a great oval red spot, which has now nearly gone. The belts are largely, if not wholly, formed of rolling clouds, drifting and changing under our eyes.

Photography, in the skilful hands of the late Professor Henry Draper, gave us reason to suspect the possibility that a dull light is sent to us from parts of the planet's surface besides what it reflects, as though it were still feebly glowing like a nearly-extinguished sun. On the whole, a main interest of these features to us lies in the presumption they create that the giant planet is not yet fit to be the abode of life, but is more probably in a condition like that of our earth millions of years since, in a past so remote that geology only infers its existence, and long before our own race began to be. That science, indeed, itself teaches us that such all but infinite periods are needed to prepare a planet for man's abode, that the entire duration of his race upon it is probably brief in comparison.

III.—MARS AND THE MOON.

We pass by the belt of Asteroids, and over a distance many times greater than that which separates the earth from the sun, till we approach our own world. Here, close beside it as it were, in comparison with the enormous spaces which intervene between it and Saturn and Jupiter, we find a planet whose size and features are in striking contrast to those of the great globe we have just quitted. It is Mars, which shines so red and looks so large in the sky because it is so near, but whose diameter is only about half that of our earth. This is, indeed, properly to be called a neighbour world, but the planetary spaces are so immense that this neighbour is at closest still about thirty-four million miles away.

The cause of the red colour of Mars has never been satisfactorily ascertained. Its atmosphere does not appear to be dark enough to produce such an effect, and perhaps as probable an explanation as any is one the suggestion of which is a little startling at first. It is that vegetation on Mars may be *red* instead of green! There is no intrinsic improbability in the idea, for we are even to-day unprepared to say with any certainty why vegetation is green here, and it is quite easy to conceive of atmospheric conditions which would make red the best absorber of the solar heat. Here, then, we find a planet on which we obtain many of the conditions of life which we know ourselves, and here, if anywhere in the system, we may allowably inquire for evidence of the presence of something like our own race; but though we may indulge in supposition, there is unfortunately no prospect that with any conceivable improvement in our telescopes we shall ever obtain anything like certainty. We cannot assert that there are any bounds to man's invention, or that science may not, by some means as unknown to us as the spectroscope was to our grandfathers, achieve what now seems impossible; but to our own present knowledge no such means exist, though we are not forbidden to look at the ruddy planet with the feeling that it may hold possibilities more interesting to our humanity than all the wonders of

the sun, and all the uninhabitable immensities of his other worlds.

The study of the moon's surface has been continued now from the time of Galileo, and of late years a whole class of competent observers has been devoted to it, so that astronomers engaged in other branches have oftener looked on this as a field for occasional hours of recreation with the telescope than made it a constant study. I can recall one or two such hours in earlier observing days, when, seated alone under the over-arching iron dome, the world below shut out, and the world above opened, the silence disturbed by no sound but the beating of the equatorial clock, and the great telescope itself directed to some hill or valley of the moon, I have been so lost in gazing that it seemed as though a look through this, the real magic tube, had indeed transported me to the surface of that strange alien world. Fortunately for us, the same spectacle has impressed others with more time to devote to it and more ability to render it, so that we not only have most elaborate maps of the moon for the professional astronomer, but abundance of paintings, drawings and photographs, which give the appearance of its surface as seen in powerful telescopes.

Let us remember that the moon is a little over twenty-one hundred miles in diameter; that it weighs, bulk for bulk, about two-thirds what the earth does, so that, in consequence of this and its smaller size, its total weight is only about one-eightieth of that of our globe; and that the force or gravity at its surface being only one-sixth of what it is here, eruptive explosions can send their products higher than in our volcanoes. Its area is between four and five times that of the United States, and its average distance is a little less than two hundred and forty thousand miles.

This is very little in comparison with the great spaces we have been traversing in imagination; but it is absolutely very large, and across it the valleys and mountains of this our neighbour disappear, and present to the naked eye only the vague lights and shades known to us from childhood as "the man in the moon," and which were the puzzle of the ancient philosophers, who often explained them as reflections of the earth itself, sent back to us from the moon as from a mirror. It, at any rate, shows that the moon always turns the same face towards us, since we always see the same "man," and that there must be a back to the moon which we never behold at all; and, in fact, nearly half of this planet does remain forever hidden from human observation.

The "man in the moon" disappears when we are looking in a telescope, because we are then brought so near to details that the general features are lost; but he can be seen in any photograph of the full moon by viewing it at a sufficient distance, and making allowance for the fact that the contrasts of light and shade appear stronger in the photograph than they are in reality. The best time for viewing the moon, however, is not at the full, but at the close of the first quarter; for then we see that the sunlight, falling slantingly on it, casts shadows which bring out all the details so that we can distinguish many of them even here. Most of the names of the main features of the lunar surface were bestowed by the earlier observers in the infancy of the telescope, when her orb

> "Through optic glass the Tuscan artist
> 'viewed,'
> At evening from the top of Fiesole
> Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,
> Rivers or mountains in her spotty globe."

The signs of age are on the moon. It seems pitted, torn, and rent by the past action of long-dead fires, till its surface is like a piece of porous cinder seen through a magnifying-glass —a burnt-out cinder of a planet,

which rolls through the void like a ruin of what has been; and, more significant still, this surface is wrinkled everywhere, till the analogy with an old and shrivelled face, or hand, or fruit, where the puckered skin is folded about a shrunken centre, forces itself upon our attention, and suggests a common cause,—a something underlying the analogy, and making it more than a mere resemblance.

The moon, then, is dead; and if it ever was the home of a race like ours, that race is dead too. I have said that our New Astronomy modifies our view of the moral universe as well as of the physical one; nor do we need a more pregnant instance than in this before us. In these days of the decay of old creeds of the Eternal, it has been sought to satisfy man's yearning toward it by founding a new religion whose God is Humanity, and whose hope lies in a future existence of our own race, in whose collective being the individual who must die may fancy his aims and purposes perpetuated in an endless progress. But, alas for hopes looking to this alone. We are here brought to face the solemn thought that, like the individual, though at a little further date, humanity itself may die!

Before we leave this dead world, let us take a last glance at one of its fairest scenes—that which we obtain when looking at a portion on which the sun is rising. Its nearly level rays stretch elsewhere over a surface that is, in places, of a strangely smooth texture, contrasting with the ruggedness of the ordinary soil, which, gathered into low plaits, with the texture we have spoken of, look

> "Like marrowy crapes of China silk,
> Or wrinkled skin on scalded milk,"

as they lie, soft and almost beautiful, in the growing light.

When its first beams are kindling, the summits cast their shadows illimitedly over the darkening plains away on the right, until they melt away in the night—a night which is not utterly black, for even here a subdued radiance comes from the earth-shine of our own world in the sky.

Let us leave here the desolation about us, happy that we can come back at will to that world, our own familiar dwelling, where the meadows are still green, and the birds still sing, and where, better yet, still dwells our own kind—surely the world, of all we have found in our wanderings, which we should ourselves have chosen to be our home.

A SOUL.

Say not I have a soul; I am a soul,
And have a body builded for my need,
That I, a soul, may in this great world-school
Study the Master's works. My earthly house
Has wondrous windows; mimic galleries lead
Divinest sounds to me,—deep lessons spelled
By loving lips, and vast world-melodies.
I am a soul, set in a sphere compact
Of transient elements.
Of these, a little handful serves for home,
For medium of touch 'twixt me and earth,
The while I stay—gives fire and food and rest.
Shall the base stuff strike into me a stain,
Leave pungent, earthly odour? Soul of all,
Attract me, lest the body should
Transcend a dwelling's use.

MISSION WORK IN LABRADOR.

BY THE REV. J. NEWMAN.

"To-day one wild, neglected race
We fervently commend
To Thee and to Thy word of grace;
Lord visit and befriend.
A people scattered, peeled and rude,
By land and ocean solitude
Cut off from every kinder shore,
In dreary Labrador."

—*James Montgomery.*

THE work that has been done to establish and extend the kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ on this coast of the great American continent is not as fully known as it ought to be. Other more inviting fields have claimed attention, and this field, with its magnificent distances and great disadvantages, is as yet comparatively little known. Of late Dr. Grenfel, of the Deep Sea Mission, has brought this coast before the world; and whilst we rejoice in all that he has done, it is only just that the Christian Church should know what has been done by others. No writer professing to give an account of missionary work on the Labrador coast can do so fairly and fully unless there is the most reasonable recognition of the work done by previous labourers on that rough, bleak coast.

Foremost among the latter stand the brethren of the Moravian Church. From personal experience after two years' residence on the Labrador coast, I can testify to the far-reaching influence of their work, not simply as it respects the Eskimo, but also some of the Indians of the interior, as well as thousands of Newfoundlanders who in the summer time have visited their stations.

Before giving a description of my own labours and travel I will endeavour to give a brief *résumé* of previous missionary work done amid untold discouragements and difficulties. The words of Jesus seem specially appropriate in this case, "And herein is that saying true, One soweth, and another reapeth. I sent you to reap that whereon ye bestowed no labour: other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours." (John iv. 37, 38.)

While the British Government was extending its power under Robert Clive in India, and struggling to retain her hold on America, and fighting bravely against the French to gain Canada, the brethren of the Moravian Church were nobly endeavouring to plant the flag for Christ on this coast, and claim it for Him in whom all the families of the earth shall be blessed. This struggle continued for twenty years, viz., from 1750 to 1770. This mission is comprised within Lat. 55° 60′ N. and Long. 60° 65′ W., extending from Cape Webeck in the south to Cape Chudleigh in the north.

The first proposal to commence this Mission was made by a poor sailor, John Christian Ehrhardt, who was a member of the Moravian Church, in 1750. The proposal was taken up, but did not receive the warmest support, by Count Zinzendorf, at Herrnhut. They attempted to gain access to Labrador through the Hudson's Bay Company, which for over a century previous had occupied trading posts on the coast. Their request for permission to send missionaries to the Company's post was not approved of.

A merchant in London named

Nisbet then offered to help the Brethren. He formed a company with two others named Grace and Bell, fitted out a vessel, and Ehrhardt had charge of the expedition. They sailed from London in the ship *Hope*, on the 17th of May, 1752. On the 31st of July they reached a bay in Lat. 55° 30′ N., and in grateful remembrance called it Nisbet Harbour. Afterwards they continued their journey up the shore, and a company of Eskimo were seen on the 13th of September. Ehrhardt went ashore with the captain and five of the crew in a boat full of articles for barter. Not one of these ever returned to the ship. After several days' waiting without seeing any trace of the missing men the ship returned to Nisbet Harbour. In the course of the following year an American captain found some of the provisions and the remains of the seven men. Jens Haven and Christian Lawrence Drachart afterwards succeeded in establishing friendly relations with the natives. In 1769 Commodore Sir H. Palliseer brought three natives from Labrador —Mikak, whose husband had been killed in a fight with English traders, her little son six years old, and a youth of fifteen called Karpik. During Mikak's stay in England she was shown great kindness, the Dowager Princess of Wales and other persons of rank being greatly interested in her. She was taken back to Labrador in a man-of-war, and after her return she married one named Tuglivina, and they took the name of Palliseer, after the Commodore. Mikak had fine robes, a dress of white cloth, decorated with gilt ornaments and lace, and a gold medal with the likeness of the king of England. She had also a fine large tent, the gift of Commodore Palliseer. Attired in her robes she received the missionaries, and placed the tent at their disposal. Meetings were held in it, and the Gospel message faithfully proclaimed. I spent my first New Year's Eve on the coast in the house of Mikak's great-grandchildren. Her descendants are numerous also in Hamilton Inlet.

In the same year that Mikak visited England His Majesty King George III., by an order-in-council, gave the Brethren a block of land containing one hundred thousand acres, to be selected in the vicinity of Eskimo Bay. Since then the following stations have been formed, viz, Nain, 1771; Okak, 1776; Hopedale, 1782; Hebron, 1828; and Zoar, 1865. From the commencement of these missions the missionaries have carried on a barter trade with the natives which has met almost the entire expense. The missionary ship takes out supplies each summer for the natives, and brings back their fur, fish, oil, etc.

Much might be written respecting these missions, which like beacons flash their cheering light on these inhospitable shores. I will leave the narrative of the glorious work done by these heroic servants of God during the last century and a quarter to some abler pen than mine. I have adduced it as a link in the chain of events which, under God, have done great things for this once-benighted coast.

Next to the Moravian Church the honour of attempting to establish a permanent mission on the Labrador coast belongs to the Methodist Church. Some time between 1825 and 1830 the Wesleyan Methodist Church in Newfoundland made an effort in this direction. The following ministers successively were sent to Hamilton Inlet, viz., Revs. F. Hickson, Dr. R. Knight, G. Ellege and C. Bates. Two of them remained for the summer only, and two, I am informed, stayed winter and summer. The missionaries met with much opposition, and one retired from the station disheartened at the manner in which he was treated by the whites, and at the

effects of their bad example on the natives.*

The Rev. Mr. Ellege resided at Cul-de-Sac, and had a servant man named King, who taught the children to read. Among these were two sisters, who became Mrs. Mishelin and Mrs. Campbell, and lived to a good old age. The latter has written the story of her life, which was published a short time ago in the St. John's *Herald*. These women have taught many to read their Bibles. I found both of them longing for the consolation of Israel. Upon my first visit Mrs. Mishelin produced the hymn-book given her by Mr. Ellege, and we sang together the songs of Zion. I found the name of this man of God greatly beloved. A stone was pointed out to me at Indian Harbour on which Mr. Ellege used to stand and preach to audiences composed of Newfoundland and American fishermen, and men belonging to foreign vessels.

The seed sown by these earnest, faithful men of God has sprung up. After the missionaries were withdrawn, a Canadian named Brownson, who was agent for Hunt & Henly, used to gather the people together and teach them to sing hymns. As far as I can learn he was a Methodist, and appears to have been a very useful man. Among other things he taught them to bury their dead in graves. Formerly they simply laid the corpse on the ground, and then piled large stones over it to keep dogs, wolves and other wild animals from it. The burying-ground at Moliac, where rest the mortal remains of this man whose memory is so revered by the natives, is a beautiful spot in the summer time. The people missed the servants of God, and often longed for their return.

In 1857, in response to an invitation received from the chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company, the Moravian Brethren sent the Rev. Mr. Elsner, who undertook a sledge journey to Hamilton Inlet, in the hope that missionary operations might be commenced. He was very hospitably received at the factory near the mouth of the North-West River, but found that the population was small, chiefly composed of Indians whose places of residence were scattered over a wide tract of country and often in places difficult of access. The natives were in a position of complete dependence upon the trader at the station, which would seriously interfere with regular missionary work. Hence no further steps were taken in this direction.

In the spring of the year 1870 another Moravian missionary, the Rev. Mr. O'Hara, made a missionary tour of three months between Hopedale and Sandwich Bay. After the Methodist Church withdrew its missionaries it continued to send a minister in the summer season to visit the coast. The pious Methodist fishermen who go to Labrador in the summer season have always held their meetings, and have done much good in this way. The coast has also been visited by clergymen of the Church of England, but until our mission was formed I am not aware that one was resident on the coast so far north as this.

In 1883 the late Rev. J. Embree visited the coast and reported to the General Board of Missions, and they decided to occupy the field. The Conference of 1884 appointed me to take charge of the work on this coast. The Red Bay Mission is in the Strait of Belle Isle, on the Labrador side. The Hamilton Inlet Mission is comprised within Lat. 53° 55′ N. and Long. 55° 60′ W. This includes a number of large bays and islands along the shore. Hamilton Inlet forms the head of the Mission. It is also called Aivektok, or Invucktoke Bay, meaning walrus, as the walrus formerly abounded there.

* See Prof. H. Y. Hind's "The Labrador Peninsula," Vol. II., p. 195.

Eskimo Bay is the name given by the Indians of the interior, from the Cree words, "Ashki," raw and "mow," to eat—eaters of raw flesh. Gross Water Bay was the name given to it by the French.

It is the finest bay on the coast, being upwards of thirty miles wide at its entrance, and thence decreasing until at Rigoulette, about fifty miles from the sea, it is barely a mile in width. Beyond Rigoulette it extends inland about seventy miles, and varies from a hundred yards to a mile in width. Above Eskimo Island the Bay expands into Melville Lake, a magnificent salt-water lake extending upwards of ninety miles, and fully twenty-five miles wide in one place. Numerous islands lie at the entrance and within the Bay. Several great rivers flow into the Inlet, the largest being Hamilton River. About one hundred miles from its mouth are the Grand Falls, which are said to exceed in grandeur the Falls of Niagara. From the south end of the Mission to the north is about one hundred miles in a direct line. The coast is much broken up into bights and bays. This is true also of the shores of each bay. The interior abounds with lakes and marshes, which in the winter season are frozen and afford good travelling. For six months each winter I travelled the whole district with dogs and comatique and snow-shoes. In the performance of this the first winter I had the assistance of over sixty different teams of dogs.

The natives of the coast of Labrador are called Eskimo, and are a race distinct from the Indians of the interior. They are, as a rule, small of stature, and they have large heads, which are thickly covered with black hair. The forehead is low, and the eyes are large and generally dark. The nose seems flat, the lips are thick, and the mouth large. The men possess only small beards. Their complexion varies, for some have a bright colour in their cheeks; but generally they are dark—specially so in the spring. The Eskimo are a nomadic race, dependent for food and clothing almost entirely on their success in hunting and fishing. In the summer time they used to pitch their skin tents along the banks of the rivers or on the shores of the inlets, and fish for salmon, codfish, etc. Now they have small "tilts," or huts, built of wood, and some of them get salmon nets on hire from the Hudson's Bay Company or the traders. They have also boats like the settlers, as well as their own native boats, which they call "kayaks." The latter are about fifteen feet long, and are made of wood which is completely covered with seal-skins. They are about two feet six inches wide in the middle and about two feet deep, and gradually taper to a point fore and aft. In the centre is a small opening into which the Eskimo thrusts his legs, and sits down to row. A single oar is used, each end of which is flattened and rounded. It is dipped in the water from right to left, and *vice versa*. The speed at which the kayak is propelled is considerable, and it is surprising how it will ride the "top," or slush ice. In the winter the Eskimo move to different parts of the bays along the coast. Those on my mission wintered at two places principally, viz., Back Run and Karawala. The water is not frozen at these places in the winter, and so they catch with a "jigger" an inferior kind of codfish which abounds in the bay. Besides this they hunt foxes, rabbits, partridges, bears, deer, etc. In the spring they move farther up the bay for the purpose of shooting, or spearing seals on the ice. The bay seals keep holes open in the ice all winter, and they come up through these to breathe and sport themselves on the ice. In the spring they bring forth their young on the ice.

Different methods are adopted by

the Eskimo to kill the seals. Sometimes they stand at the hole in the ice, and when the seal appears they spear it. At other times the seals are asleep on the ice, and then the Eskimo puts on his skin clothes and crawls over the ice. If the seal should notice them they wriggle and roll like a seal to allay its suspicions. The seal, satisfied that there is no foe, falls asleep again. The Eskimo crawls nearer, and when he thinks he is near enough he fires, invariably killing the seal.

The skins of the seals are used in making boots and clothes. The men wear a coat called a cossack, and the women wear a similar one with a large hood for carrying the baby. Polygamy formerly existed among this race, and even now the marriage tie with some is very loose. Cases of immorality are found among this people, and this is largely owing to the crowded state of their houses. Several families are often huddled together in one hut. These huts are rudely built of wood, and in the winter time are frequently covered with snow. If you want to find them you can do so by observing the dogs lying around the stovepipe.

On one occasion I descended seven steps of snow in order to get to the front door of one of these huts. This covering of snow helps to keep the house warm, but often the large stove which is used melts the snow and fills the house with water. Formerly the houses were lighted by means of a stone lamp, which was filled with seal oil. I have seen one of these ancient lamps, the stone of which was most peculiar. It had the appearance of slate, but was much softer. The lamp was about ten inches long, and a handle was formed at one end and a spout at the other, and in the centre a hollow was cut to contain the oil. A wick made of cloth or moss was placed in this hollow, and one end was passed along the spout and lighted. Tin lamps with a long spout are now generally used. These are filled with seal oil, and have a wick passed through the spout. A needle or piece of wire is tied to the spout, and it is used to prick out the wick as it burns away.

Formerly intoxicating liquor was sold in the Bay, and many sad stories are related of those who fell victims to this "fire-water." The Newfoundland Government passed a law prohibiting the sale or gift of liquor to any Eskimo or Indian under a penalty of two hundred dollars. If such a prohibitory law is good for Labrador, why should it not be extended to all British North America?

The Eskimo are very fond of music, and many of the men can play the violin. These instruments were formerly called into requisition at scenes of revelry, but they are now consecrated to higher and better uses. Many pleasant hours have been spent teaching them Methodist and Sankey's hymns. Their language is a great hindrance, because it is so unlike any European tongue. So great were the linguistic obstacles that exactly one hundred years passed before an Eskimo translation of the Bible was finished. The Moravian missionaries declare that it would have been better to have substituted the German or English language for the Eskimo.

Each family is supplied with a book containing certain chapters of the Bible, and a few prayers. They have also hymn-books. Most of them can read in their own tongue, having learned to do so at the Moravian stations. I could give abundant evidence to prove my former statement respecting the widespread influence of the labours of the Moravian missionaries.

It is truly impressive to see one of these men conduct worship with his family. When present with them I would sing a hymn and read a chapter in English, and then they would sing a hymn and read a

chapter in their own tongue. They understand English very well, and so had the advantage of me in that I knew little Eskimo. It was very affecting to hear them sing their favourite hymn, "Alas, and did my Saviour bleed." Through our former missionaries they are acquainted with Methodist hymns. We always enjoyed a service with them, and they were very regular in their attendance when service was held near them. As I spoke from the words, "But he was wounded for our transgressions," the people wept. The story of the sufferings of Christ completely melted them. Some were led to find rest and peace in Jesus.

The number of the Eskimo is decreasing. Many were killed in the fierce wars with the Montagnais; others have fallen victims to rum. A large number were carried off by smallpox.

The Indians of the interior of Labrador are called Montagnais, or Mountaineers, and Nasquapees. The former range the country between Hamilton Inlet and the Gulf of St. Lawrence. They are akin to the Crees of the Gulf, and speak the same language. The latter are no doubt of the same race, but take their name from the interior, called Nascopiland, or Height of Land. One of my interpreters was an Abenaki called Joe Peter. A few weeks after I settled in Hamilton Inlet Joe visited me. I found that beside his native language he spoke French, Cree, Eskimo and English. I kept Joe a few days with me in order to learn a little of the Indian language, sufficient to enable me to greet them. Joe once procured a Bible, and when the priest came he asked to see it, and Joe innocently gave it to him, never to see it again, for the priest spoke severely to him and kept the book.

Possessing a good stock of Bibles which had been given me by the agent of the Bible Society in St. John's, I said, "Now, Joe, I'll give you one, if you will promise to read it." His face brightened as he assured me that he would, and read it to the other Indians also. I gave him the Bible and a number of tracts. In the winter I was driving with dogs and comatique over Moliac Pond and found Joe camped by the side of the Pond. Over the entrance to his wigwam floated a piece of canvas. Raising this, with a good stoop I entered, and was greeted with cries of "Theneitin," which means, "How are you?" In the centre, on a bank of sand, there was a fire, and around this were spread boughs of spruce on which Joe and his two daughters were seated. We were invited to take a seat, and so we squatted in tailor fashion, and then began to talk. I asked for his Bible, and reaching over to a parcel packed in the side of the tent, he produced a small box which he had made to contain the Book of books. After answering a few questions for him I read and explained the fifteenth chapter of Luke, and then prayed. Bidding him "Yama," that is, "Good-bye," I took my departure, having a long distance to go that day.

At North-West River I met a tribe of Indians for the first time. They are of average height and are very lithe and active. Their features are better formed than those of the Eskimo, the profile being more even. That which seems to arrest attention most is the remarkable sparkle of their eyes. The Indian women reminded me of the gipsy girls often seen in England. They are fond of rich and rare coloured ribbons, etc.

The Indians are a nomadic tribe and live principally by hunting and fishing. In the summer time they travel from place to place in their canoes. There is a complete canoe route between Hamilton Inlet and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and also between each of these and Ungava Bay in the far north. In the winter the Indians remove to the forest,

where they hunt the marten, beaver, otter, lynx, deer, bear, rabbit and partridge.

They travel from place to place on snowshoes, and will go a distance of fifty miles in one day. When travelling, the women carry the loads on their backs. Small birch sleighs are used by the men, and their baggage is well and closely packed and lashed on these sleighs. In former times, when rum was freely used among them, the men would get drunk, and when drunk they were violent. To keep them from harming themselves, or anyone else, the women would slip a seal-skin, such as they lash up their things in, over them and then lash them up, and, binding them on the sleigh, haul them along. This is a splendid straight-jacket for drunkards.

Having reached the head of the Inlet at Travaspene, some twenty miles up the Grand River, I heard of the illness of Louis, the Iroquois interpreter, and resolved to visit him. Joe Mishelin, the planter at whose house I was staying, resolved to go with me, so we harnessed up the dogs next morning, and after a drive of some sixteen miles reached Goose Bay River. I found Louis looking very ill, and I quoted the first few verses of the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, and applied it to his case. "Ah," said he, "me feel it," and putting his hand on his chest he said, "My body weak." I told him of the home where the inhabitants never say they are sick. As I explained how Jesus had opened up the way to this home and had gone to prepare a place for us, the big tears stood in his bright eyes and rolled down his weather-beaten face. I read the fifteenth chapter of Luke and explained it and then sang a few hymns. It was now four o'clock, and as a little snow was falling we agreed to spend the night with them. After an earnest talk with Sam he accompanied me on a visit to the other Michewops. We visited some four tents, and talked, sang and prayed in each. We were very hospitably entertained at tea time, and the best the camp contained was set before us. After tea all the Indians assembled in Louis' house, and I sang and explained hymns to them, and closed by reading and explaining the third chapter of St. John. The people expressed their pleasure, and the interpreter said, "That's what we like to hear." Promising to see them the next morning, they all retired about eleven o'clock, and I lay down with a bear-skin for a mattress, and the best coverlet that could be found. The loud murmur of voices engaged in talking over what they had heard kept me awake for awhile. O how I prayed God to save them, and with these thoughts fell asleep.

The following morning I made a hurried call at each tent, and after breakfast they all gathered on the shore to bid me "Yama"—"Good-bye."

I never lost an opportunity to speak with them, and to open to them the Scriptures. A few weeks before I left the coast a number of them came and camped near my place at Lester's Point. Here in the forest shade I sang, read, talked and prayed with them. I believe that some of these shall come from the north and sit down with Abraham and Isaac and Jacob in the kingdom of God.

The most numerous on the coast are the settlers who have intermarried with the Eskimo. The Rev. Mr. O'Hara found the number of these to be about eight hundred. "There are," he says, "Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, Baptists, Presbyterians and Lutherans; and American, English, Dane, Norwegian and Russian nationalities. To carry on religious work is very difficult owing to the immense distances which have to be traversed. This task was undertaken by the Methodist Church, and entrusted to me to

accomplish as far as I could. The population comprised within the Mission, including the Indians, was about thirteen hundred. These are the permanent settlers, but in the summer season thousands of Newfoundlanders visit the coast for the purpose of fishing.

I reached the scene of my labours on August 12th, 1884, and was kindly received by the chief officer of the Hudson's Bay Company at Rigoulette. Through his kindness I opened service on the Sabbath in one of the Company's stores. We had a large attendance and enjoyed the Master's presence. Some who did not attend were surprised to learn that the preacher did not dance and jump and knock the table over. "He bain't a Ranter, then," said one. "These Ranters that comes on th' shore mak' an awful n'ise."

From this point I worked my way around the Bay, visiting from house to house, and holding services wherever convenient. Leaving the Bay I visited the fishing stations along the coast. By means of the steamship *Hercules* I reached the north side of Hamilton Inlet and held services among the Newfoundland fishermen in many places.

After a fortnight's absence I re-entered the Bay, having held fifteen services, all of which were well attended, and some of them crowned with divine blessing. The people having invited me to visit them in their winter quarters, and having promised to convey me from place to place with their dogs and comatiques, I decided to go forth in the name of the Lord. I could truly say that I did not know whither I went. I provided myself with every requisite—skin clothes, snow-shoes, and sleeping-bag. The latter was made with seal-skins, lined with undressed deer-skin and blanketing. I had also plenty of material in the form of day-school books, etc., Bibles, Sunday-school literature, and a choice assortment of tracts. The latter were the gift of the late Sparks Green, Esq., of Brigus. I crossed the Bay to Double Mere, and from that point travelled around Hamilton Inlet—literally preaching from house to house. I encountered some rough weather, but reached home safely about ten o'clock on New Year's Eve.

My plan was to gather the children together and teach them. This was difficult at first as the children were so bashful and timid. Even boys in their teens cried at first and refused to stand up for lessons. All this soon passed away, and they looked and longed for the visit of the missionary. After teaching and catechizing the children a preaching service was held. All these services were seasons of grace.

Travelling in the fall of the year is attended with much hardship and danger. Let one incident suffice for many that could be given. One morning three of us left the head of Double Mere with a team of dogs and comatique. We kept the south side of the bay, and soon found the ice bad. The shores were high and the cliffs precipitous. We had to chop with the axe niches for our feet, and in this way climb around the shore for a long distance. This delayed us, and caused us to be benighted miles away from any house. We entered the forest and camped for the night. The worst was that we had nothing to eat, and not even a kettle to boil water. We prepared our camp and made a good fire. The forest was dense, and through the trees the stars peeped down upon us. We made the best of our condition, and joined in the hymn,

"I sing the almighty power of God."

After reading a portion of Scripture we joined in prayer and found God very near. I agreed to take turns with the men and watch. I slept soundly in my sleeping-bag until midnight, and then lay awake to

watch. During my watch a large spark flew out of the fire and fell on one of the men and set his clothes on fire. It was soon, however, put out. Next morning we were very hungry, but as the weather was fine we pressed on our way. The dogs were the worst off, so I went hunting partridges and got five. These were soon devoured by the dogs. At length we reached a planter's house and were well cared for.

After this trip I remained home but a few days, and then started for Sandwich Bay. We had rough weather during this journey, but the presence of the Master in the services more than paid us for all the hardship by the way. On the 6th of May I finished travelling with snow-shoes and dogs and comatique, having covered in all over two thousand miles.

On the 17th of June the ice broke up in the Bay, and then I prepared to visit the Newfoundland fishermen on the coast. I held twenty-three preaching services,—one on the deck of a vessel, two in the open air, and the rest in houses and stores. Visited many vessels and the families of the fishermen. Owing to the weather being stormy we did not get further south than Independent Harbour.

Here a painful event had happened. It appears that when the men arrived on the coast it was the Sabbath. Some of them, eager to secure the best places, were tempted to put out their killocks for mooring their traps. One young man, at whose father's house "prayers" had been held every year, vowed that because of this no "prayers"—meaning service—should be held. Every Sabbath he would push off in his boat and go for a "cruise" to one harbour or another. This boat had now become his coffin, for it was lost with him and another young man and a little girl on board. Never shall I forget the deep impression which this made upon the minds of the fishermen, and at the close of the service strong men wept as they requested prayer to be made for them.

A few days after I reached home the coast was swept by a terrific gale. It raged from Saturday night until Tuesday. A large number of vessels were wrecked on the shore of my mission and some sixty lives lost. The steamer was kept busy taking the shipwrecked crews off the coast. Many valuable cargoes of fish were lost. The winter began under a cloud, and owing to the steamer not calling in the Bay I was cut off from the outside world for over nine months. This winter was spent in travelling, teaching and preaching as before. God was pleased to own the labour, and at several places souls were saved. This cheered us amid the great difficulties, discouragements and hardships incident to this work.

During the second winter I had a team of dogs of my own and hired a man as driver. In the fall of the year we met with many severe snow-storms. Two days before Christmas Day, seeing the sky looked dark and ominous, I feared a snow-storm, and so resolved to force a march. We reached Vally's Bight about noon and pressed on. We found that the ice had been broken up, and it was very rough around Charlie's Point. We had not proceeded far beyond this when we were driven into camp by the storm. We remained in camp until two o'clock in the morning, when seeing the wind had changed to the north-west and fearing the drift, as we were on a lee shore, we pressed on again, and after a hard tramp for six hours over rough ice reached Lowlands Point at eight o'clock. Here we breakfasted. Shortly after we met with a large seal, killed it, and buried it in the snow.

We found the travelling worse as there was a crust on the snow. We travelled all day and at six o'clock in the evening—Christmas Eve—we

were driven into camp again by another snow-storm. We were now ten miles or more from the house we hoped to reach. Our provisions were exhausted, and we had only ten raisins and a piece of cheese. After treading down the snow and chopping off a few branches and spreading them on the snow I lay down in my sleeping-bag too weary to wait for the fire to burn or the kettle to boil. I had walked some thirty miles on snow-shoes and had travelled from two o'clock in the morning.

It was about seven o'clock in the evening when we camped, and I slept until eleven o'clock. When I awoke I found myself covered with snow which had fallen from the trees. We decided to move on, and at once left our camp. The place where we camped was a point of land in Mulligan Bight, and so we named the point "Raisins and Cheese."

We found the snow deeper as we entered the Bight and the cold was very severe. It must have been at least forty degrees below zero. It was lower than that next day. We reached the house of Mr. J. Campbell at two o'clock on Christmas Day in the morning. On our return trip we were overtaken by another storm, and in this case I had to set the compass and steer our way through a blinding north-east snow-storm. At length we made land. My driver was confident that we had gone too far. This is the way persons are deceived, and many perish often through making this mistake. They imagine that they travel faster than they really do. "Well," said I, "before we go any further we must have something to eat." We opened the comatique box, and after refreshing ourselves we struck a match and upon looking at the compass found we were on our right course. Just as we started the flash of a light was seen and with the cry of "House, dogs, house!" we threw ourselves on the comatique, and were soon out of the pitiless storm.

Space will not admit of further incidents of travel. The travelling in the spring is much easier and far more enjoyable. A small team of dogs will then travel a long distance in a day. I became so familiar with these dogs and their strange names that I missed them very much when I left the coast. For some eight months I had travelled with them in all kinds of weather and from place to place around the extensive mission. I can understand the attachment of the circuit-rider to his horse.

In drawing this imperfect sketch of missionary work in Labrador to a close I would commend this part of the Lord's vineyard to the sympathy, support and prayers of all our Methodist people. Whilst we do not ignore what others are doing for the elevation, education, and salvation of the people on this coast, we claim for Methodism the rightful share of honour. Eternity alone will reveal the result of the toil and travel of those years, but the Lord was pleased to give visible results, and we rejoiced at the end of the two years over some forty converted souls. Shortly before leaving the coast I climbed a mountain and surveyed the coast far and near. O how my heart went out towards the people on these desolate shores! I looked upon the distant mountains, with their ice-bound peaks flashing back the light of the sun, and wished for the time when the inhabitants of the land of the Himalayas, and the Andes, the Rockies and the swarthy tribes of Africa, and the inhabitants of all lands, with the tribes of this shore, shall be all blessed in Jesus, and shall call Him blessed. The words of that inspiring missionary hymn sprang to my lips, and leaping on to the highest point of rock I raised my hat and sang with all my soul:

"Jesus *shall reign* where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more."

Dr. Milligan came in July and visited the Bay. He visited several places, preached and administered the Sacrament. I returned with the Doctor to St. John's in August. This work is being carried on, and in addition to the men resident at Red Bay and Hamilton Inlet, one of the Newfoundland ministers is appointed each summer to visit and work among the Newfoundland fishermen. All this means hard work, as those know who are acquainted with the coast.

In conclusion permit me to bear testimony to the good work done by the Newfoundland Government in providing medical assistance for the large number of fishermen sent down on that coast. It is no holiday task either for missionaries or doctors to labour on the Labrador coast. Great risks are often run in going off from place to place in boats. I gladly bear witness to work done by those gentlemen, whom I learned to esteem highly for their work's sake. Drs. Skelton, Forbes and White I found ready for every good work. Interested as I am in all that tends to benefit the people of Labrador I rejoice in the good work undertaken by the Deep Sea Mission. This is a move in the right direction. May God bless every such effort and God save Labrador.

METHODISM: A LAYMAN'S MOVEMENT.*

BY REV. E. A. SCHELL, D.D.

THERE is but one priest in Christianity—Jesus the great High Priest who is passed into the heavens. All we are laymen. Christianity is a religion of the heart, not of the temple. We are its temples. The older religions, Jewish and pagan, consisted mainly of pompous ceremonies administered by a priestly order; they required a priest and a temple and a set occasion for the elaboration of ceremonies. Basilicas and cathedrals have their model in the Jewish temple and not in the ecclesia held in the house of Jason, or Aquila, or Gaius. His holiness the Pope, his eminence the cardinal, and my lord bishop with his swarm of prelates, do not succeed to the twelve laymen with which Christianity began, but to the Jewish and pagan priesthoods present in their gorgeous robes at the funeral of faith in the year of Rome 753. Christianity is not found alone in splendid temples where music and the arts captivate the emotions, nor in an establishment that maintains, as Lord Selborne once said, "one gentleman in every parish"; but it is enshrined in the home, in the workshop, along the marts of trade—wherever there is a heart that is open there is the altar of our faith. All are ministers and laymen. There is no difference in their relation to God or the church, and there are as many of them as there are Christian men and women.

The foundations of the church were laid in laymen, in the apostles and prophets. The apostles were all laymen. From Simon Peter to Judas, the brother of James, there was not a priest among them. They had, as you have, it is true, the highest and holiest commission for their work, and had it from their Lord Christ. But it is plain that they had no valid orders, as validity was measured in those days or in ours.

Early the ecclesia of Jerusalem chose seven laymen of good report—the deacons. Stephen and Philip were among them—Stephen, who

* From the *North-Western Christian Advocate.*

first climbed the ladder of martyrdom, and Philip, the evangelist to diseased and possessed and deluded Samaria. Presently we learn that a great company of priests were obedient to the faith. Where did they learn the faith? Why, from these devout and enthusiastic laymen who had a better understanding of the truth of God than the priests had, and were an example and inspiration to the priests, as good laymen have been upon ten thousand occasions since that day. The church at Antioch was founded by laymen, and when Paul and Barnabas, both laymen, set out on their great missionary tour they had none other than a layman's commission. They took along John Mark to baptize the converts, for Paul insisted that the Lord's commission to a layman was "not to baptize but to preach." When Mark failed them the two laymen continued their missionary journey alone. Luther was nothing in church history until a pope unfrocked and excommunicated him; made him, in fact, a layman.

Methodism was a revival by laymen. As the mountains are upheaved by natural forces underneath, so the greatest upward movement since St. Paul was given to religion when John Wesley sent out his glorious company of lay preachers. In the heart of the masses lies a deep religious sense, and those early local preachers touched it. The life and fire of aggressive Methodism was like a revelation from heaven to the rustic and the miner and the squire. While the established clergy hurried through the service, or intoned "Submit yourselves to all governors, spiritual pastors, and masters," these lay preachers stood forth on the hillsides and under the spreading tree. They were friends and neighbours, worked on the same shift in the mine, or in the same field with those to whom they spoke. How they startled the world as they stood there with an eloquence born of zeal and faith and testified to their experience. They led the villagers in enraptured songs that swept past the empty churches guarding like sentinels a dreary past. Methodism was not born in a college. It was born in the streets of London, out in the highways and under the hedges of Old England. American Methodism is of the same type. Asbury organized only what Embury, Williams, Strawbridge, and Captain Webb had begun to win. They had preceded him in the school-houses and in the fields, and, without sacraments or church authorization, had kindled the revival fires that leaped from valley to valley, and from state to state, like the leaping flames from the Scaur of Lemnos to the watching roof of Ithaca. Ministers in Methodism are leaders recognized by laymen. Laymen vote them their license in the quarterly conference; laymen recommend their admission to the annual conference; laymen participate in their election to the episcopacy. Methodism is one great assemblage of laymen.

Four duties, to my mind, rest upon the Methodist laymen. *Before all others, let me put lay assistance in revivals.* The minister by vote of his brethren has been appointed leader, and every pastor must at some time or other become an evangelist. It is the business of the laymen to co-operate with him. No regiment ever won a battle in which the colonel did all the fighting. Laymen can carry, as no one else can, the revival fire into the homes and occupations of the people. Paul had his trade, and worked at it; but he did not fill head and heart with it to the exclusion of that great business which brought him to Philippi, Athens, Corinth and Rome. "This one thing I do" did not mean with him tent-making. The church ought to double itself every year, yet hundreds have never won a soul. These laymen are to visit, and preach, and

testify, and pray, and sing—not hire other people to do their singing for them, but to sing as in the days of early Methodism, when the voices of laymen wafted the hymns of the church from the village green to the vaulted heavens with a swell and volume like the sound of many waters. Compared to that magnificent psalmody, the modern quartette choir is like an attempt to make a Niagara with four buckets of water.

The political duty is as plain. We owe it to the state and to the church and to God to participate in public matters. There is no place under the stars where the laymen of Methodism have a greater duty, save in the revival, than at the caucus and convention and voting booths. We have a duty there as Methodists, and we have a right there, and woe to the state where high-minded Methodist laymen forget that our patriotic duty is our Christian duty. The timid and the spiritual and refined must not shrink from this high privilege. Freemen must have courage enough and nerve enough to visit every form of civic corruption with swift, sudden and condign punishment at the ballot-box. Liberty is no liberty, and Methodism is no Methodism, that shrinks from contact and conflict with the ward heeler and the party boss. Methodism has been in politics from the beginning. Horace Walpole once sneeringly said of Lady Elizabeth Hastings: "The queen of the Methodists got her daughter appointed lady of the bedchamber to the princesses." One of the fortunate things about it was that Lady Elizabeth Hastings would not let the princesses play cards, so Walpole could sneer once more and say, "It is off again." Every Methodist ought to be a citizen Christ. Let him who doubts it read Wesley's sermon on "Society for the reformation of manners," which will absolutely disprove that you can be a Methodist, much less a Christian, and keep out of politics. All hail to the citizen Methodist; to the president of this occasion; to the distinguished senator who has just spoken; to his honour the mayor; and all honour to the citizen church led by Speaker Crisp, Premier Bowell, Rickards, Pattison and McKinley.

The social influence exercised by the laity is all important. Edward Gibbon, in his famous fifteenth chapter, in which he assigns the reasons for the rapid progress of Christianity, gives, first of all, the zeal and social spirit of the early Christians. Mountains of difficulty and prejudice are removed by social intercourse. Religion must touch the whole life, and the Christian is needed in society. Worldliness and extravagance, caste and prejudice are there, and the Christian's duty is to be there and cast them out. We need a majority everywhere. By-and-bye, when real Christians, and not *scared* Christians, go into society they will reform it. In that swift coming day a man with a bad character will be treated like a man with no coat and an unclean face. Ever since Jesus came and went to the wedding in Cana, society has been growing better. It is full of higher thinking and nobler impulses. What glee the devil would have if he could put a high stone wall between the church and the world—a wall without doors or windows, and then scatter broken glass on the top of it so that no one could climb over. In society are those for whom Christ died. There are the kings and millionaires, and keen wits and bright intellects, who only wait for the cultivated and the refined to come and win them to a nobler life and a sweeter experience. When our noblest go into society, not as nominal Christians, but as real ones, and go for Jesus' sake, they will bring kings and millionaires to the altars of the church, asking, "What must I do to be saved?"

But the supreme opportunity is for the Methodist laymen to ally the church once more with the masses

Most of our laymen are enthusiastically disposed toward the workingman. A few, from disposition, interest, and from lack of knowledge, are lukewarm. The Methodist Church is the church of the people. In the country districts our work has been more under the charge of the lay element, and therefore its democratic leanings have been more pronounced than in the large cities. Even there the number of laymen who hold important offices, and the intelligence and political courage of many of our preachers, attest still the democratic power of Methodism.

When Wesley and his local preachers went to the miners of Cornwall and Northumberland they made Methodism the dominant faith in those districts for five generations—until this hour. A miner is a strong personality. He has the physical strength of the farmer and the astuteness of the town mechanic; and the miner found in Methodism a faith in keeping with his own sturdy nature. The miners of England now toil under happier conditions, won after many fierce struggles. But be it ever remembered that in those struggles for better conditions Methodism sympathized with him and helped him organize to win them. The Methodist local preacher was his leader. By preaching he had developed the eloquence of speech necessary for leading the masses. This same local preacher was skilled in the art of organization, for he has aided to organize classes and circuits. Name after name of those who helped to organize the great Northumberland strike of 1831 (and men of all classes will justify that strike), and were imprisoned for it, were Methodist local preachers. Memories of such times live long in the minds of the people. Neither the neglect of the Established Church, nor the sympathy of Methodism in those long and weary years, has ever been forgotten. It sank deep into their hearts, and made the miners to this hour the vigorous opponents of the one and the valued disciples of the other. Can any more striking tribute to this Methodist influence perpetuated among miners be given than to say that of the five members in the House of Commons all are Methodists, and four are local preachers; that in the last Parliament there were six; and that the first labour member ever elected to Parliament, Thomas Burt, was a Methodist and the son of a local preacher? The same is true of the agricultural members. Joseph Arch, who organized the farmers of the island and won a victory for them against the combined landlords of England, was a Methodist local preacher, and was sent to Parliament for it. Henry Broadhurst and Charles Fenwick, parliamentary committee for the labour electoral union, are local preachers.

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, in the tenth census of the United States, referring to the industrial revolution of the last century, says that "the religious revival work of the Wesleys was one of the most powerful factors in the combination of forces essential to the establishment of the new industrial order." That force crystallized in the local preacher and class-leader.

Brethren, it is indifference, not unbelief, that has laid hold on the masses. They have always yearned for a church that will preach and exemplify the dignity of labour. Methodism ought to be that church. It is the part of denominational wisdom. They make their own fortunes who serve the people well. Losses in such a cause, greatly as they would be deplored, would be infinitesimal when compared to the nobility of the duty, the lofty spiritual elevation consequent upon it, and the marvellous gains. It would mean the application of the religious principle to social transformation, and that, in the ever-memorable words of Mazzini,

would be to "elevate democracy to the dignity of a religious party and give Christianity a world-wide victory."

Often the laity has saved the church. Who does not know that many an old prophet who stayed the decline of religion under the old dispensation was not of the priesthood, nor even from the school of the prophets? The laymen of Methodism must likewise save the church from the rarefaction that afflicts the body at high altitudes, and the world from the putridity which afflicts it at its depths. No more powerful lesson was ever conveyed in history to the churches of to-day than by the lay movement of Romanism in the days of St. Francis. The church had come to be an assemblage of priests. They denied the cup to the laity because they might spill it in receiving it. The church was the centre of culture and the repository of wealth. St. Francis, a layman, saw the necessity of laying hold of the masses, and persuaded the church to countenance his lay brotherhood, the Franciscans. The members of this brotherhood swarmed everywhere, and in two centuries they embedded Romanism in Spain, Italy, and parts of Germany, so that three centuries of reforming zeal have been unable to shake it. Wesley, taught by experience, went to the masses of England, and to-night the world bears tribute to his service.

RETROSPECT.

"Thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee."—Deut. viii. 2.

He was better to me than all my hopes,
He was better than all my fears;
He made a bridge of my broken works,
And a rainbow of my tears.
The billows that guarded my sea-girt path
But carried my Lord on their crest;
When I dwell on the days of my wilderness march,
I can lean on His love for the rest.

He emptied my hands of my treasured store,
And His covenant love revealed;
There was not a wound in my aching heart
But the balm of His blessing healed.
Oh! tender and true was the chastening sore,
In wisdom, that taught and tried,
Till the soul that He sought was trusting in Him,
And nothing on earth beside.

He guided by paths that I could not see,
By ways that I have not known;
The crooked was straight and the rough made plain
As I followed the Lord alone.
I praise Him still for the pleasant palms,
And the water springs by the way;
For the glowing pillar of flame by night,
And the sheltering cloud by day.

There is light for me on the trackless wild,
As the wonders of old I trace,
When the God of the whole earth went before
To search me a resting-place.
Never a watch on the dreariest halt
But some promise of love endears;
I read from the past that my future shall be
Far better than all my fears.

INCOMPLETENESS.

BY JAMES CLARENCE HARVEY.

I wonder if ever a song was sung
But the singer's heart sang sweeter;
I wonder if ever a rhyme was rung,
But the thought surpassed the metre.

I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought;
Or if ever a painter with light and shade
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed.

I wonder if ever a rose was found
And there might not be a fairer;
Or if ever a glittering gem was ground
And we dreamed not of a rarer.

Ah! never on earth do we find the best
But it waits for us in the land of rest;
And a perfect thing we shall never behold
Till we pass the portals of shining gold.

THE MINISTER'S WIFE.

BY R. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

JANE BATEMAN drew the sombre red curtains of the parlour window, and lighted the reading-lamp. Outside the wind was sighing weirdly over the frost-bound moors, and the sky was heavy with the approach of snow. Her husband was to return before six o'clock; he had gone to pray with an old local preacher, who was dying at his homestead on the hilltop, and Jane knew that he would be tired with the rough walk.

After a while she went into the kitchen to see if everything was in order. A middle-aged woman, who had kept Luke Bateman's house before his marriage, was sitting near the fire, hemming deftly the end of a linen sheet.

"Is the minister's tea quite ready?" Jane said. "He will be cold and worn-out."

"Ay, ay, ma'am, 'tis a' ready. Th' kettle's just singin' an' th' cakes are hot."

Jane thanked her and went away. The woman watched her through the open door and along the passage.

"If ever there was idiots i' th' woodlands, 'tis now," she muttered to herself. "She's the prattiest an' th' best-hearted lass as could be met wi' i' a twenty-days' march. I reckon 'tis 'cause she's a foreigner."

A light tap came to the front door, and Jane ran blithely to open it for the minister. He was a tall, well-made man, with a boy's face and a ready smile. He brought in a whiff of the frozen moorland. When the door was closed, he caught Jane's face between his cold hands and kissed it tenderly.

"It's like one's young ideal of home," he said. "The dearest woman in the world to welcome me, and a houseful of light and warmth!"

She drew him to the little parlour, and took her place at the head of the table. He stood for a moment warming his hands at the fire, and watching her movements as she poured out the tea. She was tall and slender, with an admirably shapen face and luminous eyes; her hair was of a pale glossy brown; her long white hands were strongly and beautifully made.

"Sit down, Luke," she said. "I want to hear what you've been dóing."

He took his chair. "It has been a very strange experience, Janey," he said. "I don't think I ever imagined anyone suffering such agony. But the wonderful thing about it was, that though his whole body was contorted with pain, so great is his trust in God that he never let one word of complaint fall from his lips.... He told me of his early struggles against doubt.... His experience was not unlike my own."

A silence followed. Jane broke it at last. "They are good people here," she said wistfully. "I never dreamed of finding such true nobility as theirs. But they don't take to me. Oh, Luke, I wish they did. It's the biggest desire I have."

"They only want to know you, Janey, and then, I promise you, when they once understand you it will be all right. They are strong, independent folk, and it takes them a long time to accept anyone.

"I forgot to tell you, Janey, that the harmonium came to-day; it's in the chapel now. I met Mrs. Ollerenshaw as I came back this evening. You know it's her son Joe whom I want to undertake the music. He's a clever lad, and from what I hear is considered a very promising player. I asked her to step in with

him about half-past seven and let us hear his performance. You'll not mind, will you? Mrs. Ollerenshaw is not very impressionable, but I've heard of many good things that she's done."

Just as he finished speaking the door-bell was rung sharply, and immediately afterwards the servant ushered in a lean and tall old matron, who wore an antiquated coal-scuttle bonnet, and a black shawl that almost covered her silk gown. She responded coldly to Jane's advances, and refused to doff her outdoor things. The boy was about sixteen, a brown-skinned fellow with a large, serious forehead. Jane sat beside him and began to talk about music. She soon discovered that his favourite composer was Handel, and that he thought there was no composition equal to the "Hallelujah Chorus."

His mother sat talking to the minister, ever and anon casting cold glances at Jane. She was one of the conservative hill-folk, who consider nothing worthy that comes from beyond the borders of the Peak. When Luke had chosen a wife from the south she had been the first to complain, and her barbed innuendos had often torn the minister's flesh. She had resolutely closed her heart against the stranger, and of late Jane had given up all hope of touching her affection.

Withal she was a tender mother, and a woman whose hand was ever outstretched to succour the poor and needy. Sharp-tongued and bitter she might be, but there were many who spoke of her as a true helper of her people.

"I dunnot suppose you'll care for such music as Joe plays, Mrs. Bateman," she said acidly. "They tell me as London folk fancy operas an' such like best."

"Indeed, no," Jane replied, with some warmth. "There is no music I am fonder of than Handel's. Your son and I have just been agreeing about his excellence. He has promised to play something. This is the piano, Joe."

She lifted the lid and drew the stool forward, and the lad, after sundry ineffectual attempts caused by nervousness, began to play. Jane sat listening in the shade: with the music she saw all the hardness of the mother's face disappear, and an ecstasy, noble and beautifully maternal, take its place. The thin lips parted; it seemed as if her soul sang to her son's music. Jane's heart went out to her; she smiled in response, but so rapt was the other that she took no heed. The music continued; she knew it well. It was one of the almost forgotten suites, and it brought to her visions of the old home she had left. Her eyes flooded; tears rolled down her cheeks; she leaned farther back into the gloom.

When the last chord was struck, Luke rose and shook the boy's hand. "You must come to the prayer-meeting to-morrow night and play for the singing," he said. "We shall have some fine music now."

Mrs. Ollerenshaw's face had lapsed into its ordinary sternness. "Ay, Joe 'll be very happy to look after th' harmonium, on'y I'm afeard he'll be nervous. 'Tis a different matter playin' here to playin' 'i th' chapel. Howsoever, he'll be like to try."

They went away soon. In the passage Jane thanked the lad for his music.

"It has been a great pleasure to me," she said simply.

Mrs. Ollerenshaw replied, before the boy could open his lips: "He's a good player, an' I know't, Mrs. Bateman. But I dunnot think Handel's works can be appreciated by foreign folk. It's grand for us, you know—we not bein' used to operas an' whirligig tunes."

Jane held the lamp so that they might see their way safely through the steep garden. Luke clasped her arm.

"Don't lose courage, Janey," he said. "It will be all right soon."

She sighed heavily. "It's rather hard work," she said sadly. "I want her to like me. I know she's good. Oh, dear! there's somebody else coming—somebody with a lantern."

A stout little man with brindled hair and a round glossy face came panting up the walk. It was Dan Willis, the chapel-keeper.

"I bethowt myself as you promised me some readin', ma'am," he said, "an' my wife an' me were feelin' a bit lonely, so I cam' up for't. It munna be aught high-falutin'—I carena for them London notions! If you've *Pamela* or *The Farmer o' Inglewood Forest,* I'll tak' 'em. It's gettin' on for forty years sin' I read oëther."

He came inside and sat by the fire till she had found him two or three volumes. Neither of those he asked for was in her little library; but she chose some stories that Luke had sent her during his courtship, and the man seemed half content.

"Thank you very kindly, ma'am," he said. "My wench an' I'll look into these. On'y I do trust there's naught in 'em 'bout wicked folk or papists, or such rigmarole as is i' *Th' Arabian Nights,* which I'm 'shamed o' sayin' I onst read. Good-night to you, sir. Good-night, ma'am."

When he was gone, Jane went to the piano and played with an exquisite and tender touch the music Luke loved best. He sat gazing into the fire and listening happily. It was her wont to play to him when he thought out his sermons, and many of his finest ideas had come whilst her fingers were drawing forth the sweetness of the instrument. It was nearly ten o'clock when she ceased; the sound of the old servant's stertorous breathing came loudly from her comfortable corner in the kitchen.

"I've been thinking about that boy," Jane said. "I believe if he studied thoroughly he would make a very fine musician. He has a splendid forehead. I should like to help him if I could."

"Well, we shall see how he gets along to-morrow night. I should be terribly sorry if his mother were disappointed in him."

On the morrow Jane went down to the chapel and saw that the harmonium was in perfect order. It was just a year since their wedding-day, and Luke had bought some chrysanthemums from a gardener in the village. She put several of the finest in a glass beside the music-stand. The minister was already there, looking over some old papers in the small vestry behind the pulpit; he came out to see what she was doing.

"I'll tell you what, wife," he said playfully, "I'm half inclined to think these people aren't worthy of you."

"I am sure they are worthy of a much better woman," she replied. "They are the honestest and most generous I ever met. I am quite determined to make them give in."

Later on Joe came to the house with the music—just the "Hallelujah Chorus" and two hymns, "Miles Lane" and "Rockingham." She heard him practise them on her piano, and then, when he prepared to go, asked him if she could help him in any way.

He blushed awkwardly. "I've been wishin', ma'am, ever since last night," he said, with averted eyes, "that you would sit beside me. . . . I'm awful nervous, an' if I broke down I don't think I'd ever care to touch music again. Will you? I'd take it as a great favour."

"Certainly I will," Jane said. "I'll do anything I can."

In the evening, when Joe came to the corner where the harmonium stood behind a green baize curtain, out of sight of the congregation, he found her waiting. The lad was very pale and excited; his fingers trembled curiously. She spread

out the sheets on the music-stand and waited until he was seated. The little chapel was already filled; it was the first harmonium that had ever been used there, and all were anxious to hear Joe's playing. Drawing aside a corner of the curtain for a moment, Jane caught sight of Mrs. Ollerenshaw sitting rigidly in her pew; it seemed to her that the old woman was breathing painfully.

The service was to begin in a few minutes, so Jane suggested that he should play the "Hallelujah Chorus." He grew paler still; she thought that he was about to faint; his hands fell heavily on the keys. The harmonium sent out a frightful discord: one or two young girls giggled hysterically.

"I can't manage it," he whispered huskily. "I'd best give in at first."

"Hush! be brave. Nobody can see us. Just move, and I'll play this for you—they'll think it's you, and you'll soon feel all right"

She sat down beside him on the long stool, and the triumphant music rose and filled the place, and the hushed men and women held their breath. To some it suggested the music that is to be heard when—

> The bright seraphim in burning row
> Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
> And the cherub host in tuneful choirs
> Touch their immortal harps with golden wires.

Only when it was finished, one woman who had hardened her heart against the stranger was weeping bitterly.

Luke climbed up into the narrow little pulpit and prayed fervently; then he gave out the hymn. It was "All hail the power of Jesus' name," to the tune of "Miles Lane."

Jane turned to Joe: he was smiling bravely. "I am sure that you can do it now," she said. "If you have any trouble, I'll put you right."

He began to play faultlessly. When he had time, he glanced up inquiringly into Jane's face, and saw it filled with a bright happiness. The congregation sang with zest: for many years it had been the desire of all the Methodists in this little moorland district to possess a harmonium, and all there had subscribed to the extent of their ability.

The mother's tears were all dried now: her eyes were sparkling as they always did when Joe played, and she was looking into space, as if she saw there all manner of glorious visions.

Then the praying began: member after member rose to relate their experience of spiritual trial and of God's crowning mercies. The chapel was full of the sounds of tears and sighs.

Towards the close an old farmer leaned forward and touched Mrs. Ollerenshaw's arm. She started as if wakened from a dream.

"Ben't ye goin' to speak, Sister 'Ensher," he said. "It's been a rare night—I doubt if I ever remember a happier."

She rose, and stood trembling at her full height. Another woman who was about to speak sat down, filled with awe, for there was the light of transfiguration on her face.

"O God," she began, in a sweet, high-pitched voice, "I thank Thee that Thou hast vouchsafed to open my sealed eyes, so that I might see the goodness of her Thou hast sent among us. She was an alien, an' I did not understand. Forgive me, O God, for my blindness as to a chosen vessel. We are poor, humble folk here, an' we know not th' world, an' we thought her of 't. I have seen whatten she did for me an' mine. O God, keep soft th' big heart, an shower Thy tender mercies on the head o' Sister Bateman."

WHY JIM DIDN'T GO TO THE SHOW.

BY J. EDWIN FLETCHER.

She said in regard to heaven: "We'd try to learn its worth
By startin' a branch establishment and runnin' it here on earth."
—*Will Carleton, in "Betsy and I are in."*

Jim was a typical specimen of a backwoodsman—tall, lank and thin, but well built and strong. He had been reared upon the farm, and most of his life had been spent in in the rough *rôle* of a farmer's man in summer and a wood-chopper in winter. He had no set place of abode called home, but boarded around and shifted as best he could. If he got off on a spree and lost his place—which, by the way, was a frequent occurrence—he would hunt up another farmer who wanted a man and hire out again, or wait until chopping time.

He had a wife—a patient, pale-faced creature—who followed him in all his wanderings, and clung to him despite his many sprees and shiftlessness with the same tenacity with which the ivy clings to the wall.

Her real name I never knew; when Jim addressed her it was, "Het, get this!" or "Het, get that!" The farmers with whom they hired out generally called her "Het, Jim's wife."

They had two little boys, aged four and six years respectively; the oldest bore his father's name and was called "Little Jim"; the younger was called "Bobbie," and was an ideal of his patient mother.

Sometimes Jim found it rather difficult to get a place upon account of his wife and family, but he would persuade the employer to take Het as a maid-of-all-work.

"Het's smarter'n a whistle in housework," he would say, "and the boys ain't no trouble—quieter'n mice."

Well they might be, for it had been their unfortunate lot to be domineered over by erratic, fidgety old women such as one can occasionally find—those who have forgotten they also were at one time mischievous children.

But I am going astray with my tale. Just before the opening of my narrative Jim had lost his job through a spree, and accordingly Het and the boys were homeless.

"Jim," said Het, when he was uttering loud imprecations against the fate that had decreed him such hard luck, "let's go to town, an' perhaps you might get a job on the outside of the mines."

Jim turned upon her like an enraged beast. "Go to town, eh, an' work at the mines! Oh, oh, my fine gal, an' where'd you an' the youngsters go, eh?"

Het paled and cowered before her questioner, great tears filled her eyes and a heavy sob escaped her.

"Jim," she said, lifting her tear-stained face and looking steadfastly at him, "I thought perhaps we might rent a few rooms and have a little home to ourselves."

"Oh, go 'way, Het, what ye dreamin' about? Where'd a fellow get brass enough to set up a-housekeepin'?"

"But we have got to do something, Jim; and I do wish you'd get work in town. I so hate being hired out, and always in another family. I've done with it, so there!" sobbed Het as she stamped her foot and burst into tears.

Soon after this we find Jim and Het in town, house-hunting. They soon found three rooms—"plenty good enough for the likes of we," as Jim put it. The rooms

had formerly been attached to a low drinking saloon, and were situated upon an almost impassable alley.

Jim purchased a make-shift stove at a second-hand store and some other articles they could not well get along without, paying for the same with his back wages, which he received when discharged from his last place.

When the scanty stock of furniture had been arranged in the rooms, Het busied herself in making a fire, for it was a cold March day, and Jim started out to bring the boys to their new home. When he returned it was quite dark; Het had the table drawn into the centre of the room and the four chairs placed one upon each side; upon the table in the centre was a small oil lamp, near by a large baker's loaf and a knife, while opposite each chair was placed a cup and saucer or a tin cup apiece for the boys; upon the stove a small iron kettle was merrily singing. "Kind o' comfortin' like, eh, old woman?" ejaculated Jim, as he rubbed his numbed fingers over the fire, and the two little fellows were running from one room into another, exploring their new home.

Het smiled in spite of herself as she carefully measured a scant teaspoonful and a half of the precious black tea Jim had bought for her, and deposited the same in a lard pail, which was to take the place of a teapot until favour or fortune furnished a better. While she was pouring the hot water from the kettle upon the tea, Jim pulled one of the chairs from the table and seated himself near the stove; tilting his chair back, and placing his feet upon the edge of the oven, he pushed his hand into the depths of his pocket and drew out his knife and half a plug of tobacco. After cutting off a "good chaw" and depositing the same in his mouth, he commenced:

"Say, Het, there's a show daown taown ter-night. What d'yer say 'bout a-goin', eh? It's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' Het—a spiffin' play."

"The boys, Jim; what shall we do with them? And then it will cost so much, Jim, and we can't afford it."

"Pshaw! Het, what on airth makes you so everlastin' skairt o' th' chink? There's piles o' cash in the country, ole 'ooman, and I'm jest the chap what's goin' in ter get it. I am, now; true's I live, Het, I'm a-goin' to stiddy right down. See ef I don't! Say, will ye go, Het? Put the young 'uns to bed."

Het busied herself cutting the loaf, while Jim continued his coaxing. She knew Jim too well to be moved by his grand aspirations, and his promises of "stiddy right down" had grown to be as a tiresome tale, without either a plot or moral.

The simple supper was soon finished, and the boys, tired by the long walk, were beginning to nod: Jim filled his pipe, lit it, and smoked in silence while Het undressed the boys and tucked them as snugly as she could with the scant bedding, into a shakedown of straw upon the floor. The dishes were washed and laid away. The clock upon the shelf—one that had been given to Het just after her marriage—struck the hour of seven.

"Het!" began Jim again, as he emptied his pipe into the stove, and carefully placed it upon the mantel beside the clock. "Say! ain't ye a-made up yer mind yet? Come, Het! le's go down and see the parade; they're a-going to have one at half-past seven."

After much persuasion Het agreed to go and see the parade, but not to the theatre; the fast diminishing stock of cash in hand, and Jim's natural shiftlessness, brought to her mind dark forebodings for the future, and she determined that she would hoard up all that she could. Het donned her best, which indeed was

very poor, and started out with Jim toward the centre of the city. Upon reaching the main street, Jim again began to coax her to attend the play, but Het was determined.

They had not gone far when the parade put in its appearance. Jim was profuse with his remarks and bets as to the grandness of the show.

Het once or twice feebly protested: "Don't talk so loud, Jim." But Jim was not so easily subdued; he was bent upon persuading her to accompany him to the show.

Het lingered, and ventured every excuse she could imagine; Jim, with his ready wit, met each with a crushing reply.

While standing upon the corner, debating as to whether they should go home or not, the lively strains of a band of music coming up the street caught and held their attention. "I 'clare them 'ere show chaps are a-comin' back agin," ejaculated Jim. "See, they are a-stoppin' to play in the squar'; le's go an' see 'em,"

Jim hurried across the street and through the square, Het following as best she could. When Jim reached the outskirts of the crowd he straightened himself and craned his neck to get a good view of the troupe. Het soon was at his side. Jim, not being satisfied with so distant a view, elbowed his way through the crowd, pulling Het after him, until his tall form was alongside that of the bass-drummer. Jim crowded and pushed until he made room for Het at his side. The good-natured drummer, when he saw Het, moved forward so as to give her plenty of room outside the range of his drumstick, bowing and smiling as he did so. Jim enjoyed the music — it was plain to be seen by his face. "Fine tune they ar' playing, Het; guess it is another show."

The merry drummer caught the words just as the band was finishing the piece.

"This is the Salvation Army, sir," he smilingly said as he turned to Jim, and then proceeded to clap his hands in unison with the chorus which was being sung by the soldiers and bandsmen.

Jim and Het listened attentively through the whole service, and when it closed followed with the crowd to the hall. It took some persuasion to induce Jim to ascend the stairs into the Army hall, but Het had the saving of fifty cents in view.

"This won't cost anything, Jim, 'cause the man with the spectacles said it was free, and if we go to the show it will cost us half a dollar at least for the two of us."

Jim yielded, and as they were singing the first song Jim and Het entered and took seats in the rear of the hall. The opening prayer-meeting did not impress Jim very favourably. When the next song was being sung and the brass instruments were brought into full play to the tune, "Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching," some soldiers sang, some clapped their hands, while those in the audience who felt so disposed followed suit.

"Come," said the spectacled young man, who was apparently the leader, "you are not half singing; everybody feel right at home, and help us to sing. I will give you the words,

"'We'll all shout "Hallelujah"
As we march along the way,
We will sing our Saviour's love
With the shining hosts above,
And with Jesus we'll be happy all the day.'"

Jim's enthusiasm roused itself. "I say, Het, this is grand, ain't it? I'm a-goin' up to the front seats," he whispered. Before Het could fairly comprehend what he said, Jim's tall form was half-way down the aisle. Het quietly picked up Jim's hat, which he in his forgetfulness had left behind, and followed him to the second seat from the front.

As the service continued Jim and Het became deeply interested; never

before had they been in such a religious service. The jovial, free-hearted nature of the soldiers, their spontaneous and original "speeches," completely captivated Jim.

Het, when at home, had attended the quiet country church with her parents, but when she married Jim, the hired man, her church days ended. Jim would say, "The farmer what was pious driv' his men jest as much as them that wasn't, and pious fellows are so plaguey hard to get on with; if you get a leetle tight, or happen to cuss the cattle, then they come a-down on ye like a hawk into the chicken-yard. You don't ketch me a harbourin' an' upholdin' no sech nonsense as piety.' Therefore, Het and the boys were not allowed to indulge in anything "pious."

In the after-meeting the captain came and laid his hands upon Jim's shoulder, asking pleasantly:

"Are you serving God, my brother?"

Jim was surprised at this audacity. "Me," he stammered, "me servin' God? No sir; you'd better go an' talk to the ole 'ooman."

The captain, nothing daunted by the man's apparent carelessness, endeavoured to persuade him to become a Christian, until, seeing it was useless, he turned to Het, who had been an interested listener to the dialogue which had passed betwixt the captain and Jim. Could it be possible that she could ever become so happy as these people said they were? Could she become as good? Could Jim be made into a good man—a sober man—an honest man? Oh, how happy their home would be! God had done these things for these people, so they said; why, then, could He not do the same for Jim and her? These thoughts, with hundreds of others, kept passing through her mind. Tired and sick of a life of sin, not so much upon her part, but upon Jim's part, she was trembling when the captain spoke to her, and when she would answer, she broke down and sobbed hysterically. The captain waited near her until she had somewhat composed herself, and as she was wiping her tear-stained face with the corner of her old gray shawl, he asked her again if she would not decide that night. Het looked at Jim appealingly, but he sat rigid as marble, his elbow upon one knee and his chin resting in his hand; seeing Jim took no notice of her, she replied in the affirmative to the captain's repetition of the question, and went out to the mercy-seat.

Jim remained indifferent and stubborn until the service closed.

When Het arose from the mercy-seat she was somewhat fearful of what action Jim would take now that she had openly avowed her intentions of leading a better life. A glance at Jim allayed her fears for the time being, for he still sat as one lost in deep thought, apparently unmindful of what was transpiring about him.

The walk home was a quiet one, naught being said upon either side.

Jim, the next morning, as he was preparing to go in search of work, remarked, in an offhanded way, as he stood in the door:

"Well, Het, seein' you got religion, I suppose I got ter chirp up, or I'll be gettin' preached at." Noontime brought Jim home, carrying a few small bundles of necessary victuals. He brought no very encouraging report to his anxious wife; he had earned a solitary half-dollar by chance, but could find no steady job. After a frugal dinner he started out again, only to return at dusk tired, unsuccessful and despondent. After the supper was finished and the boys had been put to bed Het ventured to ask Jim to accompany her again to the Army hall—a request to which he willingly acceded, much to her surprise.

The Friday night service was not as enthusiastic as was the meeting

of the previous night. Het thought that she had never in her life attended a better meeting; the simple, heartfelt words of the soldiers, the Bible reading and the simple expounding of the same by the captain, was food indeed to her hungering soul—food that brought life, hope and encouragement.

Jim sat through the service, staring vacantly into space, untouched, unmoved either by song or Scripture, but beneath his ragged vest raged a storm. The Spirit of God had moved upon the waters and said, "Let there be light."

And there was light.

The barriers cast up by the flesh, years of darkness and sin could not shut out that tiny ray. The darkened soul saw the light, and comprehended it, hence the storm. The troubled sea cast up the mire and filth of past misdeeds, the sins of years, his tyrannical nature and loose habits. Never before had he allowed his mind to wander upon such themes; not even Het's oft-shed tears ever produced such a reflection; he was a wicked man—yes, he was! He was more than wicked, he was cruel—cruel to his wife, his children—cruel to God and to himself.

The captain, also one or two of the soldiers, spoke to him after the service, but he only answered curt and gruff or was reticent.

When he arrived at home he stormed and raged as one heavily intoxicated, grumbled because the fire was out, swore at Het for taking him to the Army, and vowed what he would do if she ever went again. He spent the night in restless slumber, and when he left the house in the morning to search for work he was morose and sullen. Jim did not return at noon; in vain Het watched and waited, anxious for his return, yet half dreading it, for she feared that some saloon had proved too strong an attraction.

Slowly the dinner-hour crept by, but no Jim.

Het and the boys, tired of waiting for the belated husband and parent, ate their simple meal in silence.

Jim did not return until dusk, but he returned sober, though still cross and out of temper. Het did not dare question him as to how he had spent the day. After supper she undressed and put the boys to bed, singing softly to herself, while Jim sat beside the stove and smoked his pipe.

The clock upon the mantel struck seven.

Het looked at Jim, but he took no notice of her. She was on the point of asking him to accompany her again to the Army. The threat of the night before flashed into her mind, and rather than have Jim grumble and probably wake the boys, she resolved to forego the treat. Silently she gathered up the boys' clothes; seeing a rent in Robbie's coat, she got a needle and thread and began to sew, occasionally glancing at the clock.

Quarter-past! half-past! but neither party spoke.

Jim had refilled his pipe, and was sitting enveloped in a cloud of smoke. He was trying to think but could not. Not a sound broke the stillness in the room save an occasional rattle of a loose window against which beat a cold, blustering March wind. Het had almost finished her sewing when Jim hastily rose from his seat and walked to the door; opening it, he peered out into the darkness, then stood for a moment as though he was listening for something.

"Whatever's the matter, Jim?" queried Het as she knotted the thread and broke it.

"Well, I never, Het! can't you hear the drum an' music? Them Salvation folks are out a-marchin'. Guess I'll go down; want ter come along? Wall, yes, I guess you'd better; 'cause we got ter have some vittles for ter-morrer; it's Sunday, ye know, ter-morrer."

Surprised as Het was at the change in Jim's attitude toward the Salvation people, she lost no time in preparing herself to go with him again to the Army hall. The Army people had got a choice place in Het's affections—she felt at home amongst them, their homely ways and open hearts were as lodestones drawing her to the great Magnet, even God Himself.

She was willing to be drawn; her heart had long yearned for sympathy; for years she had gone the ceaseless round of daily labour as mechanically as the clock fingers travel around their allotted circuit. Life was labour, continuous and hard, with no recreation.

How many women, ay, and men, too, there are who are carrying like burdens, to whom life is only drudgery and toil, whose thoughts are continually upon this world and how to exist, whose brows are furrowed by wrinkles, ploughed and deepened by brooding over the future—the duties and needs of to-morrow. These hearts are being made callous, yea, being petrified for the want of—What? Money? No! Ease?

No; but for the want of Love; not the sickly, sentimental love of the novelist, nor yet the fickle love that is human, but for that love—"all other excelling"—the love that helps us bear one another's burdens; love that "seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil."

Jim and Het enjoyed the service at the hall; it was one bubbling over with salvation joy, but before Jim left the hall that night he was counted one amongst the seekers at the mercy-seat.

When Jim went forward Het was almost overcome with joy. Jim was going to be good—yes, he was, at last! Happy, happy thought—now they would have a happy home!

Late in the summer I again visited N——. My first thought as soon as I arrived in the city was to call upon Jim and Het. I went to the old place, but it was closed and tenantless. I inquired of a neighbour if she knew where the former occupants had gone.

"Them folks what joined the Salvationers, d'ye mean? Oh, them folks got too stuck up to live in a hole like that, and I don't blame 'um nuther, seeing the man kep' sober; wisht my man wus. They moved out onto C—— Street som'eres."

After some more inquiry I found them and received a cordial welcome. Their new home was poor, it is true, and plain; but the sunshine that streamed into the room through the white cotton curtain that hung over the window seemed to intensify the neatness of the place.

"We are so happy," replied Het, when I asked her how she was getting along. "We have named our baby after Captain A——'s little boy. Jim's jest as good as he can be, and we go to meeting and the boys go to school."

"ALL'S WELL."

Out of the heart of the night,
Over the billows' swell
Rings the voice of the watch till the morning light
With the cheering cry, "All's well!"

And so on the sea of life,
When the way seems dismal and dark,
And the waves are raging in sullen strife
Around our human bark,

There's ever a watch at the prow
Whose care shall lighten nor cease
Till "All's well!" sounds from the homing bow
In the happy harbour of peace.

AIRLIE'S MISSION.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Maitland of Laurieston,' etc., etc.

JANET BRUSHED OUT HER LONG FAIR HAIR.

CHAPTER VI.

JACK had a dozen questions to ask about the different students who had gone up for examination along with Errol. And his face grew rather sober when he heard some of the questions; and he shook his head dolefully and said it would be a poor lookout for him next year if the papers were as difficult. Errol did not appear to be outwardly elated with his success, but none knew better than Airlie how significant was the deep quiet light of satisfaction in his fine eye. Mrs. Keith seemed much inclined to discuss the future, but Errol skilfully

changed the subject every time she broached it. It was evident, both to Airlie and Janet, that he did not wish it to be settled in any way yet.

"Do you know anything of Errol's plans, Airlie?" Janet asked that night when they were alone in the room they shared together.

"No, Janet; he has not confided them to me except in a vague fashion. But I know that he will make an earnest good use of whatever sphere and opportunities are given him," Airlie answered.

"Oh, I am sure of that, Airlie. When mamma was speaking so much about him beginning practice beside us, I fancy he looked troubled. Do you know, I should not be at all surprised though Errol were to do something we don't expect."

"What kind of thing, Janet?"

Janet brushed out her long fair hair, and did not at once reply.

"Don't you know where his chief interests, apart from his studies, have been centring of late, Airlie?" she asked. "I would not grudge one of my brothers to the mission-field." Her voice in the last sentence was rather unsteady, and when she brushed aside the golden waves of hair, Airlie saw her eyes wet with tears.

"That is a great deal for you to say, Janet."

"*You* have made it easy for me to say it. Errol will do a great good work anywhere, but I do think he has all the attributes of a successful missionary."

"Would you really not think it a pity that his splendid talents should be devoted to such a cause?"

"Airlie! Show me a better! Are you growing lukewarm?"

"Oh no, Janet. Forgive me, I only wanted to hear you say more. It is so sweet to me to listen," said Airlie, through her happy tears.

Janet smiled—a tender and exquisite smile—which softened her face into a rarer and more spiritual beauty.

"The trouble will be with mamma. She does not like the little home-mission work I have been planning to begin after we return. She seems to think it *infra dig.* for me to go among the poor. What she will say should Errol propose to go abroad, I am afraid to think."

"If Errol's life-work is to be abroad, the way will be opened up, and all Aunt Marion's scruples removed," said Airlie, softly, and dropping her face on her hands, she gave herself up for a moment to the sweet and blessed thoughts which surged upon her like the sunlit waves of a summer sea. She had come to Scotland an exile, leaving heart and love behind under tropical skies, and lo! had not the desert blossomed like the rose? Had God not done great things for her, and given to her a glorious antidote for her pain? Many things were made plain to her in that quiet moment. She saw the significance of the cross which had been laid upon her; she knew now the inner and hidden mystery of the ministry of pain. By simply lying still, bearing patiently what was ordered, speaking a gentle word as opportunity was given, she had served the Lord in a way she knew not of. In the early sunshine next morning Errol and Airlie went away for a little stroll together along the green lanes which skirted the shore. Nobody wondered to see them go, for they had always been such "chums," as Jack had it; only Janet, watching from the drawing-room windows, smiled a little tremulously, and turned away, for her eyes grew dim. Was it a prevision of a double parting which might come sooner than she or any of them anticipated?

Errol and Airlie talked a great deal as they went, chiefly, however, of the beautiful coast retreat in which Airlie had found the elixir of health; the subject nearest their hearts was furthest from their lips. They came at length to a little shel-

tered nook among the rocks, close on the beach, and as the air was mild and soft, Errol suggested that they might take a little rest before returning home.

"How well you look, Airlie! It is quite true what Jack said, that I well! I shall never be able to thank you for placing me under Professor Laurence's care."

"Hush, Airlie, no more of that. I saw Laurence asking for you yesterday. Well, what do you think of what my mother was saying last

THEY CAME AT LENGTH TO A LITTLE SHELTERED NOOK.

should hardly have known you," said Errol, looking down from his tall height to the low rock where his cousin sat. "Do you feel quite strong?"

"Quite. Oh, Errol, the joy of being free from pain; of feeling really

night? It seems to be a settled question in the family that I am to begin practice in Edinburgh."

"Your mother hopes for and expects it."

"It goes against the grain, Airlie."

"Duty very often does, until we

accept it as God-given," said Airlie, quietly.

"Then there's Jack; mamma forgets him, I think. What will he do next year? He is not so well fitted to push his way as I am, and—"

"And what?"

"I will tell you by-and-by. How long is it since you came to us? Eighteen months, isn't it?"

"Yes, fully."

"You are one of us now, Airlie; we will never spare you from Errol Lodge any more."

Airlie winced a little, and for a time there was nothing said.

"If I stand the winter well, Errol, and feel strong in spring, I must go."

"Where?"

"Back to Tahai."

"Oh, nonsense! What would be the use of going back there, probably to fall into bad health again? We will never allow it."

Airlie looked up into his face, her earnest eyes full of meaning.

"You will be the first to bid me go, Errol, if I feel that I should, I know."

"I am not so sure of that. Would a medical missionary be of any use in Tahai?"

"Use! Errol Keith! There is hardly a limit to the influence such an one would have there. Papa often regretted his lack of medical skill. Ministering to the body so often opens up the way for ministering to the soul. I wish the day would speedily dawn when there would be a medical missionary in Tahai."

"Then you will really leave us in the spring without a regret, Airlie Keith? We are nothing to you after two years," said Errol, with a strong impatience.

Airlie arose, and turned her head away from him. She was deeply hurt, but she would not let him see it.

"We are not agreeing very well to-day, Errol," she said, cheerfully, at last. "Come, let us go home, and see if we can get up a picnic in the boat to the island."

Errol Keith laid his firm, strong hand on her arm, and bent his eyes full on her face. Her colour rose under that look.

"You will leave us in spring on one condition, Airlie."

"What, Errol?"

"That you take me with you."

"In what capacity?" asked Airlie, trying to smile, but tears came instead. "It's a long time till spring, Errol. Don't let us say any more about it to-day."

But Errol bent from his tall height and kissed her for the first time since he had given her that cousinly kiss on the platform at the Waverly Station. And I think it was all understood then. And Errol knew that Airlie loved him, and would be his wife some day, if God willed that they should spend any part of their earthly life together.

CHAPTER VII.

"Never was woman tried as I have been with my children. If my husband had lived there would have been none of this! Janet, I wish we had never looked on the face of Airlie Keith."

"Hush, mamma! That is a very hard thing to say," said Janet, quickly. "Whatever you may think of this step Errol wishes to take, none of us can deny that Airlie is worthy of him. And after all, mother, I am sure papa would not have grudged him to the work."

"How do you know what your father would have done?" was Mrs. Keith's sharp retort. "Talk of heathen; there are plenty here in Edinburgh, I am sure, if Errol must act a missionary part. But to let him go away to that terrible place, to give him up forever, my noble boy! Oh, Janet! Janet! you know nothing of a mother's feelings."

Janet Keith looked on in sad perplexity at her mother's keen distress.

She could not but feel deeply for her, she looked so frail and worn, and the thought flashed upon her that there might be a duty for Errol lying nearer home. And yet, as she recalled his kindly eye and enthusiastic look when he had spoken to her of devoting himself to the work of the medical mission, a slight sigh escaped her lips. It would be a trial of no ordinary kind for him to give up his ardent hopes; and then there was Airlie. Nothing, Janet knew, would keep her back now from the mission field; must they then let her go forth, a frail, solitary girl, to that great lone land, where only love and prayers could bind their sundered hearts. It was the month of November now, and after some hesitation, for he greatly feared his mother's verdict, Errol had laid before her all his hopes and plans. And she had listened with a storm of tears and reproaches, and had shut herself in her own room for two days, and resolutely refused to see anyone but Janet. So, as may be imagined, the domestic atmosphere at Errol Lodge that bleak winter's day was about as dreary as that out of doors. The silence which had briefly fallen on the two, while Mrs. Keith languidly played with the breakfast Janet had brought, was broken presently by a low tap at the door, followed by the unexpected entrance of Airlie herself. She was very pale, and there were dark rims round the big pathetic eyes, which told of a heavy heart. But there was no hesitation or faltering in her look, but rather a dignity and resolve which caused Janet to look at her in amaze.

Mrs. Keith, after the first glance, continued her breakfast, ignoring the presence of her niece. Janet rose with flushing face, for she saw Airlie wince, just as she had done that summer day when Errol had broken to her the verdict of Professor Laurence.

"Would you leave us for a little, Janet?" she said very, very quietly; "I should like to speak with Aunt Marion."

Janet nodded, but first put her gentle arm round Airlie's slim shoulders, and kissed her on the brow.

"Well, Airlie Keith, what have you to say to me?" asked Mrs. Keith, the moment the door closed upon Janet.

"May I put your tray on the table first, Aunt Marion?"

"No, I am not finished," answered Mrs. Keith as coldly as before. "Pray go on."

Again that strange pathetic wincing look crossed Airlie's face, and she pressed her lips to still their quivering. She was sensitive to a degree, and her aunt's manner cut her to the heart.

"Are you so angry with me that you will not even look at me, Aunt Marion? If I have hurt or wronged you, it has been unintentional, I assure you."

"You cannot expect me to say what I cannot think, that you have made a good return for my kindness," said Mrs. Keith, calmly, for with the persistence of a selfish nature, she hugged her imagined wrong to her heart. "You know well enough that my eldest son was my chief stay and support. Was it kind, or right, or Christian, to tempt him to leave me?"

"Aunt Marion, you have no right to say such things to me," said Airlie, quietly, yet with a certain proud dignity which became her well. "How can you attribute such a thing to me? I have never sought to influence Errol, and no one dare say I sought to win his love. I could almost wish I had died before I left Tahai."

"It is all very well to say that when the mischief is done," said Mrs. Keith, quietly. "Although it might be a very good and suitable thing for you and others to take mission work on their shoulders, it

was a different case with my sons. If your religion were as real as it is zealous, Airlie, you would have urged them to fulfil their nearest duty, rather than turn their backs on their widowed mother in her hour of need."

Airlie bit her lips. Oh! this was harder than all! What a stern control it needed to bear this with meekness and patience. She trembled under the ordeal in every limb.

"What I came particularly to say is this, Aunt Marion," she said, even more gently than before, "I will make immediate preparations to leave Scotland. They will be glad of my services in Tahai, and I am perfectly able now to undertake the journey."

"People will say I am heartless if you do that. I would rather provide the money for you to spend a few months in the south of England or France, and you could go out in spring," said Mrs. Keith, with selfish eagerness. "Really you are quite sensible, Airlie, and I am sorry if I seemed to judge you hardly. You must allow a margin for a mother's feelings. I believe that if the temptation were removed, Errol would soon come to his senses. We will try and be as gay as possible this winter, and try and show him all the advantages of life in Edinburgh. Well, Airlie, what do you say? I could let Janet and Marion alternately spend a time with you, if you consent to go to some of the health resorts. It would do you good, too."

Up rose the warm red flush to Airlie's neck and cheek and brow. What it cost her to keep a firm hold of that meek and quiet spirit the Master will give to all who prayerfully seek it, was known only to herself and to Him.

"I don't think you quite understand me, Aunt Marion. I could not do that. But I will go away just as soon as I can make my preparations. I love Errol so well," she added with a simple grandeur and pathos, "that I would die rather than give him a moment's pain, or do him the slightest harm. I cannot help it that he has learned to care a little for me; I never sought it nor encouraged it, Aunt Marion. Nothing could have been further from my thoughts. But you need not fear, I will never be his wife. But the other matter he must settle with himself and God."

So saying, Airlie turned about and walked with steady enough steps out of the room. But when she reached her own, and had locked herself in, she stood in the middle of the floor, and pressing her hands to her temples, uttered a long, low moan of intense pain.

She had been sorely tried, wounded in the tenderest, most womanly part; she could have cried out, "Lord, if thou wilt, let this cup pass from me!" it was so bitter to the taste. But He willed that she should drink it to the very dregs. Airlie went downstairs no more that day. Errol, who since the beginning of the session had been assisting his professor in the anatomy class-room, came home to dinner as usual at four o'clock.

"Where is Airlie?" was his first question, as Janet and the others took their places at the table.

"Airlie is in her own room, Errol. She will not come down. I have sent Ellen up with a tray. I knocked at the door myself, but she asked me to wait a little, she would see me by-and-bye," said Janet, with troubled eyes.

"What's up? That isn't like Airlie," said Jack, his eyes round with wonder; but Janet made no reply. Errol, though evidently disturbed, exerted himself to be as agreeable as usual, but they were all glad when dinner was over and they could rise from the table.

"Airlie saw mamma this morning, Errol," said Janet in a low voice, detaining him in the dining-room a moment behind the others.

"Did she? What occurred?"

"I don't know. Oh, Errol, I am afraid this is going to be a great trouble to us all," said Janet, bursting into tears. "I am very sorry for you, and most of all for Airlie; mamma will never consent."

Errol made no reply, but stalked out of the room, and upstairs to his mother's dressing-room door.

Mrs. Keith had now risen, and was resting on a low lounge near the fire. She sat up when Errol entered, for she saw that he had come to say something on the vexed subject.

"You saw Airlie to-day, mother, Janet tells me," he began without preamble. "What did you say to *her?*"

"Much the same as I said to you. She understands that I will never consent, so there is no more to be said."

Mrs. Keith spoke with that unmistakable decision which is sometimes exhibited very strongly by those who are weak in many respects.

Errol leaned up against the mantel-shelf, and bent his gravely troubled eyes on the fire. There was a sore, sore struggle going on in his mind at that moment. Whether was love or duty to win the day?

"Airlie is not quite so unreasonable as you were, Errol. She is determined to leave us; and really you must admit that it would be advisable. I offered to send her to the south of England or France, and even to let one of the girls go with her, but she resented that pretty sharply, so I suppose she must just go back to Africa. I am sure I have done my duty by her, and have watched and cared for her as if she had been my own child. No one can attach any blame to me; and it was quite understood that it was only for a time she was to be with us."

"Did Airlie say she would return to Africa?"

"Yes, immediately."

"And you will allow her to go out there alone, mother?"

"Really, Errol Keith, I wish you would be reasonable. What am I to do? How can I keep the girl if she is bent on going?"

"Then I am to have no say in this matter, mother? I am just to give up all my hopes because you wish it?"

"It is surely not too much for a widowed mother to ask of her eldest son. I lay no commands upon you, Errol. I have simply expressed my opinions. You may do as you please. Only if you marry Airlie Keith, and bury yourself in the wilds of Africa for her sake, you will do so without my approval or consent."

"It is not altogether for her sake, dear though she is to me," said Errol, with deep earnestness. "I feel as if God were calling me to the work; my whole heart is in it, mother."

Mrs. Keith slightly shrugged her shoulders.

"It is not easy to believe in religion so quickly put on. The probability is that it will be as quickly and thoughtlessly laid aside. I like Christianity which quietly and unostentatiously does its duty, without saying so much about it."

Words of pleading rose to the lips of Errol Keith, but the sight of his mother's calm, proud, determined face kept them back.

"You have given me a difficult task, mother," was all he said, and walked slowly out of the room.

He met Janet on the stairs; she had been lingering about, not knowing what to do. She loved them all, and she was sorely vexed that anything should have happened to disturb the happy harmony which seemed to have been inaugurated in the household with the coming of Airlie.

"Mother is inexorable, Janet," Errol said, in response to his sister's mute questioning. "I must see Airlie. Will you come up with me?"

Janet nodded, and they ascended

the stair together. This time the door was opened to Janet's knock, and Airlie's face, sweet, placid and unruffled, smiled upon them, and bade them enter. It was the same little sitting-room she had first entered when she came to Errol Lodge, and she had gathered her own books and things about her, and made it a little home for herself. Everybody in the house, save, perhaps, Mrs. Keith, loved to spend an hour in Airlie's room. Janet merely crossed the threshold, then swiftly turned round and fled with a bursting sob. Under her cousin's influence Janet Keith had learned to feel keenly for the sorrows of others; all that was sweetest and best in her nature had of late come to the surface, and the change in the proud Miss Keith was observed by all who knew her. When Janet left them, Errol shut the door, and then these two, who loved each other so dearly that it would be almost like death to part, looked steadfastly into each other's faces, without a word.

"Airlie, Airlie!" fell at last hoarsely from Errol's lips, "tell me what to do"

"There is only one course in the meantime, Errol," said Airlie, in her quiet, peaceful voice. "I will go; and though we are apart we need not forget. We can think of and care for each other apart as well as together, and we shall both have our work to comfort us."

"I cannot, Airlie! If you go, I must," said Errol, passionately. Then Airlie folded her quiet hands on his arm, and looked up at him with shining, earnest eyes. Her battle had been fought and was won, and now she must needs help him.

"Errol, we would not be happy, dear, we would not prosper, if we acted in disobedience to your mother. I think your first duty is to her. So I will go, and perhaps in God's good time Aunt Marion may see things differently, and if not—"

"What then?" asked Errol, almost harshly, his new-born faith sorely tried.

"Then we will labour on, you in Scotland and I in Africa, and—and, we will meet some day."

Her voice broke, and in a moment Errol's arms were round her, and for a long time there was no more said.

And it happened all just as Airlie said; a fortnight more and Errol Lodge knew her sweet, bright presence no more.

She went forth alone, yet not alone, for the Master whom she so faithfully served went with her, shielding her with his everlasting love. She had her recompense in the welcome accorded her in that far off land, in the certainty that she was needed, and that her work would be blessed. It was harder for Errol Keith than for her to sacrifice love to duty, for he was but faltering yet on the pilgrim way, and his faith, perhaps, had a slacker hold. Nevertheless, he manfully did his part, and for his mother's sake buried out of sight the sweet hopes with which he had looked forward to crown his manhood. His self-abnegation was blessed to himself and all with whom he came in contact; and while faithfully fulfilling the laborious duties of his profession, he did not allow any opportunity for doing good slip past him. And there are so many at our very doors lying to our hand, if only our eyes be not holden so that we cannot see.

Mrs. Keith is still a fretful, selfish invalid, unhappy herself, and the source of some unhappiness to others. If there has ever been any touch of relenting in her soul she has not yet shown it, for Errol and Airlie are still apart. But they are not unhappy. Each knows the other true, each knows that though there may be no meeting on earth, there *will* be reunion beyond.

So Airlie's Mission, though mayhap fraught with some pain to herself, has borne its fruit, not in Errol's

life alone, but in Janet's, now the sweet, noble mistress of a happy home; in careless Jack's, who has graduated successfully, and is doing a good work in his own sphere; in Marion's, who is the light and sunshine of Errol Lodge. And Airlie's recompense is sure. Knowing that, she labours on; and if at times her woman's heart fails her a little, she has but to carry her cross to the Master's feet, and leaving it there, go on again in faith and hope. For the day WILL come when all earth's mysteries will be made plain, and when we will know, beyond a doubt, that all things work together for good to those that love Him.

THE END.

THE HOUSE ON THE BEACH.

BY JULIA M'NAIR WRIGHT.

CHAPTER XVI.

SHE FOUGHT WITH DRAGONS.

FAITH KEMP thought that she had a pretty hard battle to fight in life. She daily found need for all the patience and courage which she could command. It was hard enough to endure, and sometimes enduring requires more valour than doing. But the time came to Faith when she had to gather up valour for more than enduring, and instead of foes without she had to encounter strong temptation, foes from within; and it is on these fields of inner strife that we fight our hardest battles and achieve our finest victories.

"I wish," said Letty one morning to Faith, "that Mr. Julian would stop coming here. The times when he comes this summer are so irregular, and father is so very uncertain in his ways, too, that I am in constant terror for fear a visitor should come in and find our poor father in one of his worst states. I wish he wouldn't come!"

"You can't wish it any more than I do," said Faith. "I have been so mortified and distracted by things that have happened here with father that it seems to me as if I should be one of the most thankful persons in the world if we might be left here in quiet and never see a human face except each other's."

"And Hugh," said Letty.

"Not Hugh either," insisted Faith. "I don't yearn to have the poor dear boy come here for misery and mortification like ours."

"I don't think Mr. Julian will stop coming," said Letty. "He cares more for you than as a mere friend; I can see it."

"Well, I don't care for him. I don't care for anyone but you, Letty. I've been miserable and ashamed until I nearly hate everyone else in the world. It is dreadful to live in such an un Christian frame of mind!" And Faith began to cry.

If Faith were in a un-Christian frame and far from a temper of holy charity, Kenneth, on the contrary, was more and more inclined to love his neighbour fully as well as himself, and this knowledge pressed upon him; and, like the divisions of Reuben in Deborah's time, it caused "great searchings of heart." When Kenneth pictured to himself how happy he might be with the charming Faith for his wife, he would have desired nothing better than to go to the house on the beach and ask her to share his fortunes. When he went up there and saw Faith's lovely face con-

stantly growing sadder and more weary; when he noted that the stress upon her of her father's irregularities was making her nervous and careworn; when he saw how sordid were her surroundings and the circumstances of her daily life, while all her tastes were for what was refined and beautiful and pure, —he felt as if he must take her far away from all that was so hard and bitter, and place her where all should be bright and pleasant. He did not so much question whether Faith would go; her position at present seemed to him so distressful that he did not see how she could bring herself to endure it at all.

But when Kenneth looked at his own situation he found much to trouble him. The home where he lived belonged equally to Patty and himself. He hardly felt justified in setting up an independent establishment at the beginning of his business life. For twenty years Uncle Doctor had had his home with his wards, who had become to him as his own children. To disturb the old man and make him unhappy in his home would be a poor recompense for a life of faithfulness and kindness. Kenneth felt that his home must be Uncle Doctor's as long as the good but opinionated old gentleman should live. He told himself that a household established on strife, injustice, or ingratitude would not be a household that could rest under the benediction of God. To think of setting up a home where "father" should be an inmate was impossible. What should be done with "father"? The idea of an asylum crossed Kenneth's mind; that might be the best place for him. And Letty? Well, Letty could share Faith's home; but Kenneth realized that Uncle Doctor would rise in arms if he proposed taking a wife and inaugurating domestic life by putting a father-in-law in an asylum and bringing home a dwarfed sister. Uncle Doctor had a singular adoration of beauty, and Kenneth had relied on that trait to make him favourable to Faith. At the same time, until he had had experience of the beauty of her character, it would make him very unfavourable to Letty. Uncle Doctor was stubborn to a degree; he was full of queer conceits, and at his first hearing of Faith he had taken a violent prejudice against all that regarded her.

"You tell me, and your aunt and Patty tell me," said Uncle Doctor, "that you have taken a great fancy to some fisher's girl up at the beach."

"I never said a fancy, uncle—I love the girl sincerely."

"You think you do, no doubt; but what have you to base love on —a face that looks to you pretty now, because it is fresh and young; a pleasant day or two by the sea, when you had everything about you to make you merry and easily satisfied? That will not afford a basis for a love that must weather sickness, anxiety, age, possibly poverty, and unusual trials. You would bring to your home a girl without education or cultivation or the habits of the life you live, and you would find her unfitted for that life. When the first glamour of your fancy wore off, you would find her discontented, incapable of taking an equal place among your friends, and you would be ashamed of her and blame her for your mortification, and your love would prove not love but an idle fleeting fancy, and would turn to weariness and dislike. Do you understand the great injustice you would do her?"

"You are all out, uncle; you don't understand the matter at all. Faith is not only remarkably beautiful, as Aunt Parvin can tell you, but she is admirably well educated and well read, and very refined and lovely and gracious in her ways. I don't know any young lady as much so. As for her family, she is

of good family—she is Hugh Kemp's sister and Mr. Tom Wharton's niece."

Kenneth had been driven to this statement. Whereupon Uncle Doctor took occasion to make acquaintance with Mr. Wharton and, not mentioning his nieces, but turning the conversation upon Hugh, he was presently treated to a tirade against Ralph Kemp, as a fiend in human shape, a creature guilty of the most enormous follies, the most reckless and selfish, weak and shameless of mortals. There was no pity for Ralph Kemp in Tom Wharton's soul—no sympathy, no comprehension of his temptations, no understanding of his sufferings. The two men had never in any way harmonized, and Tom Wharton had a deep rage cherished in his soul, because of his sister's sorrows and early death, all of which he charged, and no doubt very rightly, to her husband's account.

Now when Uncle Doctor had heard this discussion of Ralph Kemp and his misdeeds, he was more resolutely opposed to Faith than ever, and lectured his nephew roundly upon meditating entanglements with any such person.

Kenneth, being by no means a headstrong or reckless young man, took counsel with himself that waiting patience might be the most available aid he could secure. In another year Hugh Kemp would be free from his promise to his uncle. Then he could shut up his father where he would be safe from himself, and the two sisters could be brought to the city. If they did not live with their uncle, they could have a home with their brother, and Kenneth was sure that when once Uncle Doctor saw Faith, and realized the loveliness of her character and manners and the excellence of her education, he would be well content.

"I feel that I owe to Uncle Doctor all the deference that I would pay to a father. He has acted like a father to us, and I've seen many fathers quite as stubborn as he is," said Kenneth to his sister.

"Yes," said Patty, laughing; "queer as it may seem to us, parents do sometimes hold opinions contrary to those of their children! Why don't you inveigle Uncle Doctor to going to the beach with you, and let the acquaintance of the young lady reconcile him to the affair?"

"I'd be worse off than ever, Patty," said Kenneth. "He would be as hard on poor Mr. Kemp as Mr. Wharton is, and then you know Uncle Doctor's whims; he'd take a dislike to poor little Letty, and she is the dearest little soul."

"Well, all right; wait awhile," said Patty, who, despite her sisterly sympathies, was less interested in the subject than her brother was; "but whatever you do, Ken, don't forget that the Fifth Commandment takes in Uncle Doctor, for he is all the father you have."

"I mean to remember it," said Kenneth.

And so he did. But sometimes a very little affair overthrows our best intentions. And, moreover, Kenneth might have held that it was not a little affair at all to stroll up the beach to see Faith, and nearly an eighth of a mile from her house to hear yells and vociferations and vituperations, and to get sight through the window of Letty, her face hidden in her hands, weeping miserably, and then, as he quietly passed round the house, intent on going to Kiah Kibble to ask what this all meant, to find Faith crouched down in the long grasses behind a clump of beach-plum bushes, her head bowed to her lap, sobbing as if her heart would break.

When Mr. Kemp, locked in his room, broke forth in a storm of maniacal rage, extraordinary even for him, Faith simply could not stay in the house to hear it. If she fled as aforetime to her grotto, Richard or some other might there

intrude upon her misery. No one ever thought of crossing the tangle on the dune, and so she fled there, and, abandoning herself to her woe, stopping her ears to shut out that terrible din from the house, she knew nothing of approaching footsteps, until Kenneth was beside her.

On his part, Kenneth had no idea of seeing Faith, until, turning with the little track about the bushes, she was almost at his feet. He was overwhelmed with sorrow and sympathy, and strong within him rose the manly instinct of protection. He knelt beside her:

"Faith, dear Faith, is this what you have to suffer? Tell me what has happened. Don't cry so, dear girl!"

Here now was the last drop of bitterness added to poor Faith's cup —that Kenneth should enter into this scene of wretchedness!

"Nothing has happened more than always happens!" cried Faith. "Why do you ask me? You can hear for yourself. That is the way my poor, crazy father always goes on, and dear little Letty sits in the house and endures it. But I am a coward and I fly; and then people find me crying, and ask useless questions. I wish you would go away, Mr. Julian. I want to be alone. I can't bear people near me this way. It is not fair of you to come here and— Go away, won't you?" Thus Faith, incoherent.

"No! I cannot go away and leave you feeling like this. I am not people, I am only Kenneth; and I don't see why I should not know of your trouble and help you bear it. Isn't that Scripture, Faith?— 'Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ.' Trouble shared is halved, is it not, dear?"

"No, it is not!" retorted Faith, angry in her mortification, for she was an intensely proud girl. "It is doubled in this case. My Letty and I bear one another's burdens, and that is enough; and we don't want any other person to have anything to do with it or know about it. Will you go away, Mr. Julian? I want to be alone."

"No; I cannot go away just now," said Kenneth calmly. "I think heaven sent me here to help you. If I had not come here in this unexpected way, I might never have known of all you have to endure, and I feel as if I had a right to know, because I love you, Faith. You must know that I do, and that your sorrow grieves me more than I can tell, and that I would gladly give my life to making you happy and sheltering you from trouble. It is not right, my dear, that your life should be wrecked like this. Do not allow it to be. I shall ask nothing more good and beautiful than to surround you with every comfort and happiness. This has been in my mind for a long while, and I have not dared to say it to you before."

"I wish you had not said it now!" cried the unappeasable Faith. "It is the most impossible thing I ever heard of."

But suddenly to Kenneth it did not seem impossible at all. He had taken a resolution. The ways and means of life came before him like a vision. Why had he thought the question so difficult? It was clear enough what he could do. It was wrong that the crotchets of Uncle Doctor should debar him of happiness and should leave this dear Faith to such a doleful lot. Patty could remain at the home and keep house for the Uncle Doctor. What more need Uncle Doctor ask? And he could find some cosy little flat, and furnish it prettily and simply, and he and Faith and Letty could live there in holy peace, while with the margin allowed him in income by this simple style of living, their father could be taken care of in some retreat, where he could damage neither himself nor anyone else. When Uncle Doctor came to know

Faith well, he would be more than satisfied with the step his nephew had taken; until then, why, Kenneth could be happy and wait.

All this passed before his mind with the swiftness of a revelation—a vision of a happiness he could not forego.

"Listen," he said, as Faith, her sobs having ceased, sat now beside him under the thorny plum bush, her hands clasped about her knees and her face turned away, while now and then her bosom heaved with the subsiding tempest of her emotion—"listen to me, dear. I can tell you just how things should be. It is wrong for you and Letty to live here as you do, and endure all these troubles. Your poor father is in constant danger of doing himself or you more serious injury. No one has physical and mental strength to stand such a strain as is here put upon you. I am miserable when I think of it! You must be more just to yourself and little Letty than to endure this longer. I ask nothing better than to make a home for you and your sister. It will be a plain enough little home, but safe and happy and always improving. Letty shall be as cherished and welcome there as my own sister. Patty will live with our uncle, but she will come and see us often, and will love you so much, Faith. Patty is one of the best girls in the world. Your father can be put in some retreat, where he will be comfortable and well cared for, and have all the books he wants. He will find plenty of other educated gentlemen there. There is, it seems, no limit to that kind of trouble in the world. You do not know, it cannot enter into your mind, how happy you will make me if you only consent to let me have the care of you all in this way. I am not rich, but I am pretty comfortably off, and all that I have or ever shall have, Faith, is yours, if you will take it."

"I cannot take it," said Faith, turning her sorrowful eyes upon him. "I wish you would not offer it any more or say any more about it. I will not say what I might have done or felt if I had met you when I was situated as other girls are, and free to choose my life as others do. But I know what is my part now. I must stand by my sister and my father, and I cannot leave Letty and she cannot leave father. I never, never could marry you, or anyone, and begin life by having you burdened with the support of my sister and the charge of my father, in the state he is in, at any retreat. When people have that kind of trouble in their family they should bear it themselves and keep to themselves. You may think me too proud. I know I am proud: all the Kemps are, even if in father's sin we have fallen so low. It is a right kind of pride, I think. I know my poor little Letty would feel just as I do. I am sure you must care for me very much, Mr. Julian, or you would not heartily offer to do all this for my family for my sake; but I cannot take it, and the very greatest kindness you can do me is never to mention it again."

"Do not shut me off from hope in that way," said Kenneth; "and remember, if you feel that this plan of mine would be burdensome to you, in a year or so your brother will share it with me. He and I have talked of his plans more than once."

"Do not say any more about it. If Hugh cares for a drunken father, that is part of the burden God lays upon him, and he cannot neglect it without sin. But no such burden has been laid on you, and I will not lay it on you. This is a foolish world, and before long people would credit you with having your own father in a drunkards' retreat, not your father-in-law, and they would be saying: 'No doubt Mr. Julian

will go as his father has.' Do you think I could endure that? Some things cannot be explained, and people do well to keep clear of them. I am going back to Letty now. It is wicked to leave her so long, and I beg, I entreat of you, do not come up here any more. I live in terror, thinking you may come, and find things as you have to-day. Will you do me this favour? Say good-bye, and say it finally."

She held out her hand. Kenneth, overwhelmed by her resolute dismissal, touched the hand gravely and turned away, while Faith went to her sister.

So miserable was Kenneth that he won his aunt over to his views entirely, and she undertook to go and plead with Faith and expound affairs more definitely than Kenneth could do.

But Faith was inexorable. She would not burden a husband's hands and name with her family sorrow. She and Letty had been called to this path—they would tread it alone.

And yet how often a glimpse of the rest, the freedom, the happiness that might have been, came to her! She loved the good, bright things of life so well! It would be so blessed to be free from disgrace and reproach and fear! Sometimes she was almost tempted to regret her decision, to feel as if she could not endure unto the end. In these hours she fought indeed with dragons, and she conquered them.

CHAPTER XVII.

BY SORROW'S HEARTH.

About this time the honest heart of Kiah Kibble ached at seeing the sad faces of Letty and Faith Kemp. All the former sallies of mirth, the reaction into happiness after grief, had passed away, and there were two maidens all forlorn, sure enough. There was always good pretext for sorrow in the behaviour of their father; but behind this ostensible cause of trouble was other care. Letty privately felt herself a very helpless, in-the-way little body, with no errand in this world but to burden other people. She knew that Faith was unhappy, and she grieved accordingly.

Faith felt that she had put aside the one great opportunity of happiness that had ever come into her life, and she in fancy saw her future stretching on and on in months of rayless gloom. She did not regret the course she had taken; she said that no other was open to her; but in taking that path she had turned her back upon the sun of joy, and cold and long the shadows fell before her as she pursued her way.

Kiah Kibble was looking after his young friends more closely than usual, and he observed this gloom for two weeks; then he considered it time to go forth on a little missionary work to the house on the beach. It was Sabbath afternoon, and Kiah put on his best clothes; then, charging his boy to be scrupulous in refraining from fishing, and bidding Nan by no means read other than religious books while he was gone, Kiah set forth to call upon his tenants. Father was asleep in his room; Letty was in her usual low chair, reading; Faith had taken her Bible out to the sand-line, but she was not reading. The book lay on her lap, and she looked out over the sea in a sorrowful dream. Oh, the long, long years of the future! How they seemed to pile up before her, like dark and frowning peaks! Life seemed so strong in her that she felt as if death must lie much farther from her than other people, and the coming road would be as long as dark.

Kiah Kibble was one of the very few whom Letty had met to whom she ever talked freely. The hearty piety of the old man brought him near to her. For six years he had been their only friend and helper,

here in their exile. When Kiah now began kindly to question concerning the added gloom that seemed to hang over the sisters, it was not long before Letty had told the whole story. It was not only that father was moving on to ruin with accelerated pace, but Letty had found that she did not suffice for comfort or companionship to her sister Faith, and Faith, on behalf of Letty and father, had made a great renunciation and was very sad.

"I know," said Letty simply, "that it must be a terrible trouble to love anyone very much and send that one away forever, as she has done. I felt so wretched when we gave up Hugh, and if I were obliged to part with Faith forever, it would break my heart! So I mourn over Faith, knowing that she is mourning. And that is not all, Mr. Kibble; I think I never felt so troubled about myself before. I have always just taken the fact that I am not like other people, that my face looks old, and that I am deformed and dwarfed—I have taken that as something that I could not help and that I have become used to. But now I feel that trouble all the time; I fret over it. I feel not only helpless, but in the way, and one of the stumbling-blocks before my sister. I am one of the reasons why she cannot be happy. Faith sees that anyone whom she married would have to take care of me, and I should be a burden to my brother-in-law, and it is different from what it would be if I looked like other people. If I were gone, Faith could not get along with father, and he would have to be taken care of, and Faith would be free."

"Ay, ay," said Kiah, looking at his gnarled, knotted fingers; "how much better you can plan it than the Lord does! It is a pity, child, but you had had the ordering of your sister's life: you would do so much better for her!"

"O Kiah!" cried Letty.

"That's what it amounts to, child. You had nothing to do with this deformity coming upon you. It's true it was your father's sinful indulgence that caused him to drop you, but many a man not at all in liquor has dropped a child he was tossing about in play; and many a child has caught a bigger fall than you had, and never was hurt a particle. Often when I see the way children fall I think of the verse, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone.' For some reason that is all dark now, the Lord permitted this injury to come upon you, which has set you apart and made you different from other people. The darkness, my child, will not always lie upon His designs. It is written, 'What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter.' When the end comes, Miss Letty, you and all the rest of God's children will be able to say, like Jacob, 'The God which fed me all my life long unto this day, the Angel which redeemed me from all evil.' You see, he did not mean that he had been kept from all evil, but God had made it all turn out for good in the end. You are one of that kind, child, that you care more for others than for yourself, and so you can take some comfort thinking that this misfortune of yours may in some way be your sister's best help toward heaven. It may do more for her spiritual life than any other thing. You feel as if you'd like her to have a nice home and easy times and all that is good in this world, but the word of God is that 'a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' Life, in God's idea, consists in growing toward eternal glory. I mind that my grandfather, who was a very godly man and a deacon in the church, said once of a man who had had a

very great number of troubles and much sickness and suffering, that he had 'been a pack-horse to carry the rest of the family toward heaven,' because it was only his afflictions that turned their minds to religion. When my grandfather said that to him one day, the old gentleman looked about at him and said, 'All right, deacon; so they get there, I don't care if it is over my shoulders, for I'm like Paul: I'd be willing to be made a curse for my brethren's sake, my kinsmen according to the flesh.' And so, child, you cheer up; don't go to desponding now about the trouble you've borne bravely for so long. Take the Lord's will concerning you and yours with a cheerful face. The Lord loves singing pilgrims better than weeping ones. 'All things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to his purpose.'"

These words gave Letty heart again. She saw her life in a better light, all radiant with the accepted will of God. And then when Kiah found that her heart was lighter he concluded it was time to go and give a little counsel to that other maid sitting musing by the sea. He went and sat down near Faith.

She nodded at him silently.

"And so, Miss Faith, you have made your choice of a hard lot?"

"Did Letty tell you?"

"Yes; what did you do it for?"

"Because I ought. It was the only thing I could do."

"You don't repent of it then?"

"No. As long as things are as they are it was my only course. Let us not speak of it any more."

"Yes, that is a good plan; it was done because, on your best judgment, it was right to be done, and so best not speak of it. That is right. But how about thinking of it?"

"One can't help thinking, you know, Kiah."

"One ought to, if the thinking leads to brooding and depresses the spirits and makes one unhappy. A sacrifice, Miss Faith, when it is laid on the altar ought to be laid there with a smile. I've got a book at home I like to read sometimes, a history of those old-world countries, Greece and Rome. It has pictures in it, and one of them is of ancient sacrifices; and the sheep and oxen that are brought to the altar are dressed out in ribbons and wreaths of flowers. Those were sacrifices to false gods, and the more is the pity; but still, in the way of doing it, they had the right of it; they made the sacrifice free and joyful. You know, Miss Faith, in the Law, Moses ordered that on some of the sacrifices a handful of incense should be thrown. That is a type of prayer, but also of cheerful prayer, a sort of joy in the giving. It seems to me, if you don't mind my poor way of talking to you, that when we come to a place in life where there are two roads which we can take, and only one that we feel that we ought to take, then when we turn our feet into that one we should go on cheerful and singing and not looking back. Don't you mind how it says, 'No man, having put his hand to the plough, and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God'? I am not educated as well as you are, Miss Faith, but I am older, and I have gone further in Christian experience, and I take it it is Christian counsel you need just now."

"I believe I need something," said Faith, looking round at him; "go on, Kiah."

"I don't mean to say you are turning back as regretting that you did it; but you perhaps keep looking back as sort of lamenting, and contrasting what is with what might have been. That is nature, Miss Faith, but it is by no means grace, and it is grace we ought to be all the while stretching up to if we mean to grow up to the stature of perfect men in Christ Jesus. I've been remarking on you for a

couple of weeks or more that you have seemed very down-hearted. Now down-heartedness bears heavy on the bodily health. A cheerful spirit is a continual feast, but a wounded spirit who can bear? If you allow yourself to get into gloom and stay there, my girl, you can no more grow well spiritually than a potato vine can grow well in the dark. As long as you are in this world you might as well be making the best of yourself in the way of growing up to glory. If you break yourself down by indulging in sorrow, you won't be as able to endure the lot to which the Lord calls you, and you'll have a discouraged, worn look that won't be any credit to your Father which is in heaven.

"Once I knew a man, Miss Faith, that became pretty deaf when he was about middle age. Now I don't reckon that anyone would prefer to be deaf; it's a trial, sure enough. This man I'm speaking of had a comfortable home, a well-behaved family, enough to live on in comfort; but he took it into his head that he didn't want to be deaf and couldn't abide it. 'It was trouble enough, and too much,' he said. So instead of counting his blessings he spread them all over with that one trouble of being deaf, and he looked the most woe-begone, mournful, down-at-the-mouth creature ever I set eyes on. I said to him one day, 'If you think your heavenly Father takes any comfort or satisfaction in a child of your pining quality, you are very much mistaken; you're a disgrace to the Christian family,' I said, 'and it kind of disheartens your brethren to look at you. If you can't chirk up on your own account, why don't you do it for the sake of other folks?'

"Now, Miss Faith, I don't mean you look that dismal, or are like to carry on the way that man did. It is not in your nature; but I do think you are yielding to sad feelings and discouragements, and it will be bad for you and hard on your poor little sister. She has heavy burdens of her own, and I observe when you look cheery and talk lively and seem to feel fairly contented, she seems just lifted up into comfort by it. She's one to pine over your troubles more than over her own. Now, miss, let me remind you that the Lord knoweth the way that we take, and He has counted up all our tears and all our trials. Is your father's failing a burden? The Lord knows all about that. He knows just how far he is to go and when he is to stop and what will come after. He knows where help is to come from; He knows whether, by-and-bye, all this worriment will seem like a very short time, and the after good very long and great. You cannot help these troubles that are about you; but you can help giving way to them and being ruined by them. There is always the good Word of the Father, if you will listen to it, and there is always His hand held out, if you will take hold of it. Many a little child, Miss Faith, walking in a rough way gets a tumble because it pulls and jerks free of its father's holding hand."

"I believe you are right about it," said Faith, turning to Kiah, to whose plain discourse she had listened attentively. "I have always said that the best sense and the best courage made the best of the hard places of life, and here I was giving way! I will think more of poor little Letty and less of Faith."

"Do so," said Kiah, "because that will not only be good for you, but it will take that extra sorrow out of her face. Then, Miss Faith, if the time comes when she is gone away to the place she seems far more fit for than for this world, you will remember that you always did your part to comfort her."

Faith started. Yes, she must consider Letty! "I've been wrong

and selfish after all!" she cried; "and do you know, Kiah, that I have been praising myself as a very heroic and self-sacrificing young person?" she added whimsically.

"No doubt; we all like to do that. Well, I'm glad you don't take my little preachment to you amiss. I meant it well. But I have been up here a long time, and I'm afraid that things at my house may not be going on just right for Sunday afternoon. I kind of hear it said to me as to David, 'With whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness?'"

"But he was justified in leaving them, you know, for he was out after that big giant Goliath. You have been up here slaying giants, and you found me and my Letty in the dungeon of Giant Despair and you have given us a key to help us out."

Kiah laughed. "Ay, ay! that's a main good book, that 'Pilgrim's Progress!' I'll go home and read it to my family."

As Kiah went up the beach to the path over the dune, he met Ralph Kemp, and completed his missionary enterprise by walking along with him and taking a seat behind a clump of juniper, for a little reasoning with him on his besetting sin. He could not take him on such high spiritual grounds as Letty and Faith. Kemp had no spiritual yearnings; but he had some remnants of family feeling and of personal pride when he was sober. He was ready to agree with all that Kibble said to him. Tears of honest sorrow came into his eyes when the old boat-builder pleaded the cause of the daughters. He promised reform: promised it so heartily that Kiah could not but believe in him. Kiah had only known Mr. Kemp for about seven years, and he did not yet understand the futility of promises so fervently spoken.

And now, when Kiah and Mr. Kemp were pacing slowly along the dune together, Faith, who had made new resolutions and had found something better to do in life than to dream and regret, ran up to the house to Letty. Self-scorn had helped Faith to put on a brighter bearing and take a more valorous tone than she had used of late.

"Letty!" she cried, "I have been down by the sea learning lessons. They were good ones, too, and have brought back my courage. With such a dear little sister as you are why should I not content myself?"

"Has Kiah been telling you what I said?" asked Letty wistfully.

"No, indeed! What where you speaking about?"

"Nothing worth repeating. What was he talking about?"

"About my religious duty; about serving God willingly and cheerfully, and I mean to do it! I sha'n't mope any more. There is nothing to mope about. I am young and healthy, and I know how to make a living. I have a dear little sister, and as for our little home, it is comfortable, and many people would be glad enough of as good a one. I have been counting up my mercies, and I can say, 'How great is the sum of them!" Now, Letty, if I cheer up, you will have to, or I shall go to disgracing myself by moping again, and you will be the cause of my downfall. To begin with, I haven't been making it very pleasant for father lately, I have been so dull and self-absorbed. Let us get supper, just such a supper as we all like. Then after that we will have a good sing; we will sing all our best hymns. To-morrow I mean to borrow Kiah's violin, and it may amuse father to play on that for us while we work. What does it strike you we should have for supper? Say something easy now!"

"Welsh rarebit and potato salad," said Letty laughing.

Thus Faith at Kiah's suggestion reconstructed her ways.

CHAPTER XVIII.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

Faith Kemp entered upon her *rôle* of cheerfulness with much vigour. She was a girl of great force of will, and she was the more urged to exercise this regnant power of the soul by seeing how her father had always been lacking in self-government. Having before her a daily spectacle of moral weakness, in one of its most painful exhibitions, she felt animated to rule well her passions and emotions and accustom herself to be dominated by the sense of duty. Therefore she was now all day busy and cheerful, and at night did not permit herself to lie thinking of her troubles or of how much better things might have been, but quietly clasped Letty's hand in hers and commanded sleep, as healthy organizations are able to do.

Letty for some time watched her, to see if her cheerfulness were assumed in public and if privately she were miserable; but Faith had decided that there should be "no backward thought, and no returning," and presently Letty began to take comfort in her regard. Privately Ralph Kemp questioned his elder daughter as to why Mr. Julian was seen no more. Letty told him the truth.

"It was then on my account?" father questioned.

"Yes, father. He came up here when you were at your very worst, and Faith sent him away forever."

"Then I have ruined Faith's life in one way, just as I ruined yours in another," said her father bitterly.

"Yes, father; but still—you never meant it."

"And what did I mean? Nothing; that is where the trouble lies. My moral nature has been like a bit of thistle-down swept about by the strong wind of appetite. Such a man as I am ought never to have any children, Letty."

"Father—did you drink before you were married?"

"Only a little, child."

Letty worked in silence at the train of a peacock.

"The lesson from which is," continued father, "that women should never marry men who drink any. They never know unto what that taste will grow. 'Behold, how great a matter a little fire kindleth.' That was what Tom Wharton held, and he was opposed to our marriage, and that is one of the reasons of his hostility to me. I don't blame Wharton; I don't blame anyone but myself—and I blame myself for being morally weak. I wish I knew at what point I might have begun the being stronger. Where could a commencement of moral vigour have been made? before I was born?"

"Very likely," said Letty; "and then, as soon as you were born, your parents might have helped you to understand by their management and training that there was an *ought* and an *ought not*, and that people have to do what is right, whether it is pleasant or no. And so you would have come up with a good habit to the years when you were old enough to know reasons and govern yourself a little."

"The Whartons," said father, "were all people with a tremendous sense of moral responsibility and great will-power. They were headstrong too, on occasion. I think your mother was that when she married me. We loved each other, and for the sake of that love she resolved to take a great risk. Now Faith in her will-power must be a regular Wharton, for I see she has taken a step that must have cost her much, and she is resolutely cheerful about it. I'm sure I wish she had a father more worthy of her. I'd reform if I could, Letty. Sometimes I think I will, if it kills me. Suppose I do resolve!"

Letty said nothing; what innumerable promises this man had made, and they had all been to his ungovernable appetite as the new ropes on the brawny arms of Israel's giant judge!

"I see you don't believe in it, Letty, and I don't; it is too late! too late!"

Faith had common sense to see that in order to keep up her courage and fulfil all her duty she must maintain her physical strength. Open-air life was absolutely essential to her, and she daily persuaded Letty and her father to spend some time with her out-of-doors. An old sail of *The Goblin* was stretched as an awning against a background of plum bushes, and sometimes they all sat there, and sometimes at the grotto among the rocks. It was a pleasant-looking family party—the handsome Faith, with her lace pillow on her knee; Letty, throned on cushions, working at some frame filled with gorgeous designs; father busy at a net or a hammock. No one would have thought to see them what a terrible sin blighted all their lives, and from what high and fair estate they had fallen.

The penitential mood is a painful one, and father did not relish this indulgence in it. He tried to lessen the poignancy of reflections upon himself.

"I am sure Faith is not unhappy or grieving. She is contented with us, and didn't care for Mr. Julian. I rather wonder that she did not; he is a fine fellow, but Faith evidently took a dislike to him and showed it very plainly."

Daily these sisters grew dearer to each other and came into closer and more tender confidence, and those weeks were to Faith's thoughts in after life as a sacred time, a sweet and blessed memory. She learned at last to forget the shadows that father cast into that autumn, and recall only the hours she and her little, gentle elder sister spent in sweet sympathy. The father was often away, they did not know where. He now went so often that they could not follow and rescue him as once they had tried to do. No work would have been done, and no bread earned, and "Kemp's daughters," "the dwarf girl," and "the handsome one" were becoming more conspicuous than they could endure to be.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT VISIT TO ENGLAND.

BY THE EDITOR.

Even a hasty visit to the Old World from the New forces upon the mind the correspondences and contrasts between their different institutions and practices. One cannot fail to find much to admire in that Island Empire to which so many of us look back with love and pride and veneration, either as our birthland, or as the land of our fathers. The bulwark for centuries of civil and religious liberty, it has won the homage of all lands for all time. Nevertheless the conservative influence of ancient use and wont has given a rigidity, or at least a lack of flexibility, to its institutions which is not in harmony with the freer air and ampler liberty of this Western World. These institutions in Great Britain may be likened to the vaulted arches of her mighty minsters and cathedrals, majestic in their strength, glorious in their history, but rigid as the everlasting rock from which they were hewn. Those of our own country are more like the overarching boughs of our Canadian forests, flexible and yielding to the influence of public opinion as the elm tree to the passing breeze.

To the democratic denizen of Canada the class system—it might almost be called the caste system of Great Britain—is felt to be repressive, if not oppressive. The dominating preponderance of the Established Church, and of the titled and aristocratic classes in religious, political

and social life, creates a feeling of restraint akin to the environment of the stone walls and ramparts which still engirdle some of its ancient cities. Even the Dissenting Churches seem to some degree to have yielded to these influences. They do not, in our judgment, sufficiently assert themselves. Many of the Methodist churches of London, for instance, perhaps all, use at the morning service the liturgy of the Church of England, and in other respects decline to emancipate themselves from its step-motherly influence. It even regulates the cut of their coats, the Oxford collars, and ultra-clerical style of the hats of most Methodist ministers. Small wonder that so many of the sons and daughters of Methodism have for the sake of social prestige drifted away from the Church of their fathers to the Church of fashion as established by law.

In the provinces the Church of England, with the aid of the squire and rector and the lord of the manor, has, in the agricultural regions especially, striven to thwart or dwarf the growth of the Nonconformist bodies, especially of Methodism. These have thriven best in the great manufacturing and industrial regions, where has grown up a sturdy middle class independent of either squire or rector.

The divisions of Methodism, with their numerous Little Salems and Ebenezers, their chapels and conventicles, which they do not venture to dignify with the name of churches, have further conspired to prevent the development of that strength which union alone can give. Of this we had an illustration in York. Like the great minster, dominating the whole city, whose massy tower rises like a cliff in air, the Established Church seems to dominate society. We saw in a very humble shop window a meagre announcement, in poor print on a small-sized placard, of a social festival to welcome to his new charge the minister of one of the minor Methodist bodies. We would have in Canada an aggressive announcement on a broad placard, in bold type, challenging the attention of the world. To speak with such bated breath and whispered humbleness seems to invite indifference if not contempt.

Yet the Nonconformist Churches constitute, we think, both in numbers and in religious power and earnestness, the greater part of the nation. The union of the different Methodist bodies would create a Church which the squire, and rector would not venture to insult or attack. Sir Henry Fowler's Bill for the organization of Parish Councils throughout the realm will do much to overthrow the reign of squirearchy in even the rural communities. Already the dissenting shoemaker, weaver or farm labourer has in many cases been elected to the chairmanship of the Council over both parson and squire.

It is true that the spiritual power of a Church consists not in its social status, but that is no reason why Methodism should not vie in the beauty of its churches, not with the great cathedrals which belong to the nation, but with the smaller parish churches throughout the realm. The homely character of such chapels as Great Queen Street, in London, if it does not repel, fails to attract the passer by.

It is true that the movement inaugurated by the late Dr. Punshon for the erection of better churches throughout the kingdom has introduced remarkable changes in this respect. The old City Road Chapel—the cradle of early Methodism — has also been greatly beautified and adorned in recent years. On both occasions when we attended the congregation was large, the preaching able, and the singing soul-stirring. This last was the result, we judge, of the labours of Mr. Wesley, the organist, a grandson of the sweet singer of Methodism.

The most active phase of Methodism in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Leeds, and other great cities is that known as the Forward Movement. It seems a pity that in London its centre should be a public music-hall devoted during most of the week to secular amusements. But, perhaps, it thus touches more closely the life and needs of the great pleasure-seeking community in which the West Central Mission is established.

We were pleased to note also the aggressive spirit of Methodism in the northern metropolis. The Synod Hall at Edinburgh, an audience-room of magnificent size, was filled with an earnest congregation. The singing, especially, had a Methodist swing and fervour which we heard not elsewhere in Great Britain.

We mean not to detract from the noble work being accomplished by the Established Church. Its great preachers and scholars have laid all the Churches under obligation by their books. Its devoted parish clergy, many of whom, however, are strongly tinctured with High Church principles, are doing an incalculable service in ministering to the poor, succouring the sorrowing, visiting the forsaken, and remembering the forgotten in the lowly lanes of life. In this they have

zealous rivals in the scarlet-liveried soldier of the Salvation Army, and in the gray-gowned Sisters of the People and other Protestant Deaconess Orders.

The great enemy of all righteousness, of all social and religious reform, however, in Great Britain is the drink traffic. One finds it intrenched in the high places of the land. It occupies the strategic position in all the towns and cities. On the best corners of the streets, sometimes on all four of them, lit up at night with a blaze of light, the modern Moloch receives the homage of his willing victims. To every lover of his kind it is heart-rending to see the tide of humanity flowing in and out of these open doors, over which might be written the words on Dante's *Doors of Doom*, "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Worst of all was it to see women, forgetting their womanhood, sometimes with babes in their arms, drinking at the bar with the veriest tramps and drunkards.

In the godly city of Edinburgh, in the High Street, under the shadow of St. Giles and John Knox's house, and in the great city of Glasgow, with its pious motto, "Let Glasgow flourish by the preaching of the Word," this dram-drinking was more prevalent than we saw elsewhere.

Against this giant evil all the Churches should unite and every lover of his kind should fight. Thank God, the Churches are awakening from their lethargy in this regard. The highest dignitaries in the Church of England are among its strongest foes. Methodism is awaking again to the stern denunciation of this guilty traffic by its honoured founder and is working in the forefront for the overthrow of the liquor traffic, which Mr. Gladstone asserts has slain more victims than war or slavery or famine.

We had not the good fortune to meet the able representative of Canadian Methodism to the Conferences of the sister Methodisms of Great Britain, but we received most flattering testimonies as to the eloquence and ability with which Dr. Dewart discharged his duties, and as to the influence of his stirring addresses on the benefits of Methodist Union in Canada.

Religious and Missionary Intelligence.

BY THE REV. E. BARRASS, D.D.

Wesleyan Methodist.

The Conference, which is the 152nd, met in the King St. Chapel, Plymouth, England, Rev. Dr. J. Waller being elected President. For many years he had been an excellent Conference secretary. Dr. Waller has long occupied a prominent position in the ranks of the ministry. He is the fruit of village Methodism and has grown up in the ranks. At present he is Secretary of Education and, with the exception of Dr. Rigg, no man is better posted in the legislative history of Wesleyan Methodism. It was generally expected that he would be elected President, but Revs. Dr. Randles, H. P. Hughes, F. W. Macdonald, and T. Allen received a considerable number of votes.

The election of women as delegates to the Representative Session was a burning question which was lost, so that no Chairman of District can in future accept any lady as a candidate to Conference. Rev. H. P. Hughes spoke strongly in favour of their admission. He reminded the Conference how that John Wesley admitted them to the pulpit and allowed them to itinerate, and that the Rev. Thos. Jackson, Robert Newton, and Mr. W. Dawson were all converted through the preaching of women.

Rev. M. Hartley, who has been well trained under Dr. Waller, was elected Secretary. He is a thorough business man and has long been one of the missionary secretaries. Having also an able staff of assistants, the business of Conference will be faithfully recorded.

A portion of two sessions was occupied with a conversation respecting the work of God. The increase of members is 4,372; deaths, 5,298; 490 circuits reported an increase of 10,678 members, but, alas,

295 reported an aggregate decrease of 6,306.

Arrangements were made for reducing the debt on the Missionary Society, which now amounts to $150,000. It is proposed to raise $250,000 at once, nearly $100,000 of which was promised at Conference.

The debate on the Book-Room was protracted and lively. The circulation of unauthorized hymn-books, of which there seems to be a plethora, hinders the sale of the connexional hymn-book. The profits were not equal to former years, as the total amount was only $7,500, one-fifth of which was appropriated to the Home Missionary Society and the balance to the Superannuation Funds.

The extension of the pastoral term excited great interest. The number of invitations for a longer term was increasing every year. Two ministers were invited to remain a fifth year. It was ultimately agreed that there should be an extension under certain circumstances. A few were granted a lengthened term.

The number of candidates for the ministry greatly exceeds the demand. In seventeen years 768 men had been added to the home work, and in the foreign work 442 had been received in the same period. Circuits not able to provide houses for married ministers receive assistance from the Home Mission Fund. Last year $7,700 were thus appropriated. This year only twenty-four candidates were received for the home work, and eighteen for the foreign work, forty-two in all, while there were ninety-four candidates, so that more than fifty were refused. Application for admission into the ministry was made from ministers of other denominations, but only one was accepted, Rev. A. Woolley, from Newfoundland.

A great deal of time was occupied respecting the central missions in connection with what is known as the "Forward Movement," which excites universal interest and is doing much for the extension of Methodism in the centres of population. At least ten thousand people attend the missions in Manchester alone, where there were only a few hundreds some years ago, and $150,000 will soon be expended in the erection of new halls. At a meeting in aid of the London Mission Rev. P. Thompson said that his last week of work in East London was the happiest in his life. The joy of the mission and the miracles of grace he described in glowing words. The plan of work came through the gutter children. On a bitter winter night the children had no shelter but the 240 public-houses. John Jameson began the work. There were now twenty thousand children in the East End who had been through the mission schools. He told of the municipal and social work, and of the open-air work."

Dr. H. J. Pope's report of his visit to Canada was very creditable to that gentleman. He was greatly pleased with his visit, and spoke in terms of commendation respecting our Church and the country. The Canadian representative, Rev. Dr. Dewart, was most cordially greeted, and delivered an elaborate address which was most favourably received. He gave the English Conference a knowledge of Canadian Methodism which could not but be gratifying to them.

Besides the representatives from New South Wales, France and Ireland, who spoke at the open session of Conference with Dr. Dewart, a lady from Austria, Baroness Langenau, was introduced and received a most hearty welcome. This distinguished lady has rendered eminent service to Methodism in her native land, and richly deserves the honour which she received. In her address she said, "What I have done I have done for Christ." Bishop Abraham and Professor Council, from the African Methodist Episcopal Church, were introduced at another session of the Conference. The Bishop interested the Conference with his speech. He said that he represented a branch of the Church which had half-a-million of members, 3,200 ordained preachers, 10,000 local preachers, and 375,000 Sunday scholars. "Eleven hundred of the preachers," said the bishop, "are under my direction, and I make the appointments myself"—a remark which greatly amused the Conference. Then came the startling statement, "Once I was a slave, and sold for $6,000." He wound up a capital little address by saying "they thought that when they overtook the English people there would be no other people on God's earth to pass by."

The religious services were all more or less characterized by great fervour. The ordination of thirty-one young men who had finished their probation, the official sermons, the public examinations, recognition of returned missionaries, etc., were probably the most enthusiastic. The memorial session was deeply affecting; twenty-four ministers died in England, six in Ireland, and six in foreign stations.

Rev. James Chapman was appointed principal of Southlands College. Rev.

W. L. Watkinson, editor, is the appointee to the Methodist Episcopal General Conference to be held in 1896.

It is a matter of deep regret that, owing to the financial difficulties of the Joyful News Mission, the Rev. T. Champness has been compelled to recall sixty of his agents, though he hopes to keep these employed who are in the foreign work in India, Ceylon, China, South Africa and West Africa, and probably a few at home.

The Methodist Church.

Newfoundland Conference. — Harbour Grace was the seat of this Conference, Rev. W. Swan was elected President and Rev. J. T. Newman Secretary. The ex-president, Dr. Milligan, a most enthusiastic educationist, said that the Government had set apart $10,000 more for educational purposes than was expected. This was joyful news.

There was only one death reported, that of Rev. G. P. Story; five young men were ordained to the full work of the ministry. The Statistical Committee reported an increase of ten Sunday-schools, 104 teachers, and 642 scholars. The increase in the membership is 991.

Japan Conference. — This Conference gathering took place at Tokyo and was in session six days. There were present seven Canadian and nineteen Japanese ministers. Three were ordained at Conference, making twenty-nine in all. There were three probationers recommended for ordination. Dr. Macdonald was re-elected President, an indication that the Doctor's popularity does not wane.

The ladies of the six Tokyo Methodist churches gave a reception to the members of Conference in a new Japanese house, where they were regaled with fruit, ice-cream and cake.

The Conference Sunday was similar to those of Canada. The love-feast was entirely in Japanese, but instead of bread and water, trays with small cups of tea and nice assorted cakes were served. Rev. W. Elliott presided. The ordination sermon was preached by Rev. B. Hashimoto. Dr. Macdonald preached in the evening and all present felt it a profitable waiting upon God.

The *Gokyo* is the *Christian Guardian* of Japan Methodism, and it will henceforth represent at least three branches of Methodism. Two committees were appointed, one relating to union and another to co-operating in evangelistic and other kinds of church work. There are now 2,070 members, an increase of eighty-nine, there is also a large increase in the number of Sunday-school scholars.

Since our last issue the mission premises in China have all been destroyed by rioters connected with the Vegetarian Society. Happily the missionaries have escaped with their lives, though they endured much suffering. Some other missionaries and their families have been put to death. All the missions in Western China appear to be in great jeopardy.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

During the month of September forty-three Annual Conferences were appointed to be held in the United States alone.

Bishop Foster passed his seventy-fifth birthday very quietly. Only a few of his friends knew of it.

Persecution has befallen the mission in Mexico City; school-teachers and converts have been maltreated. A widow and her two sons have been imprisoned simply because the latter had been withdrawn from the municipal, and sent to the mission school. A Methodist schoolmaster also had been imprisoned.

In three weeks Bishop Mallalieu travelled two thousand miles on hot, dusty roads, preached nine sermons, delivered seven special addresses, besides attending personally to his large correspondence.

Bishop Walden recently purchased a suitable lot in Honolulu, Hawaii, for a tabernacle to cost $2,500, which will be the first Methodist church in the island. It will help the work in Japan.

Bible Christian Conference.

This Conference met in Thorne Memorial Chapel, Barnstaple. James Thorne was one of the founders of the Connexion and this was the year of his centenary. His son, Rev. John Thorne, from South Australia, came to England to take part in the centenary services, and he was elected President of Conference.

On the Conference Sunday services began at seven o'clock, a.m. Dr. Dewart preached in the evening and gave his official address the day following, which was a great missionary day, when the Chinese and Australian visitors also delivered earnest addresses. Dr. Dewart greatly pleased the Conference.

The union question was the most important which came before the Conference. Principal Watson, President of the Primitive Methodist Conference, attended as a fraternal delegate. Dr. Dewart spoke first, and detailed the results of union in Canada. Several members of Conference took part in the discussion. A committee

was appointed to confer with other committees which may be appointed, and it is hoped that during the next year, by reason of friendly exchange of pulpits, the Bible Christian and Primitive Methodists, at least, may be ripe for union by the Conference of 1896.

Recent Deaths.

We regret to learn that the honoured head of the long-established house of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York, has recently passed away from time. Mr. Houghton maintained for many years the best traditions of the publishing trade. Under his auspices the leading writers of New England were introduced to the public. The *imprimatur* of his house upon any book was a guarantee of its high-class character. The book catalogue of the house embraces the leading contributors to New England literature for the last score of years. Mr. Houghton was a member of the Methodist Church, and for twenty-five years held the position of superintendent of a Methodist Sunday-school. We had the pleasure of making his personal acquaintance and were deeply impressed with his urbanity and Christian courtesy. We doubt not that his surviving associates will maintain the same high aims which distinguished Henry Oscar Houghton during his long career as the head of this great publishing house.

Dr. Edward Beecher, brother of the late Henry Ward Beecher, died last July at the great age of ninety-two. He graduated at Yale when he was only nineteen; after being in the pastorate a few years he became president of a college in Illinois. He was one of the founders, and for some years editor, of the *Congregationalist*, and the author of some important works. For a few years he was assistant to his brother in Brooklyn, whom he dearly loved. When Henry was tried in the civil court some years ago Edward was at his side during the whole trial. When eighty-two years old he was again called to the pastorate. A few years ago he met with an accident, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. He was a man deservedly esteemed, and served his generation nobly.

Dr. John R. Alexander, a well-known Methodist in Montreal, was recently called to his reward. He was a native of the Province in which he died, and was a man of great energy. Whatsoever he found to do he did it with his might. At one time he was in the Methodist ministry, but voice failure compelled him to locate. Having taken a medical course, in due time he took his medical degree. On retiring from the ministry he became connected with the Ætna Insurance Company, in which he rendered most efficient service. He was also proprietor of the Turkish Bath Hotel, in Montreal, and was an inveterate hater of tobacco and liquor. Those who knew regarded him as one of the noblest of men. His death is a loss to Methodism in Montreal. He was a member of the General Conference in 1886 and 1890.

Book Notices.

The State: Elements of Historical and Practical Politics. A sketch of institutional history and administration. By Woodrow Wilson, Ph.D., LL.D. Author of "Congressional Government." Boston: D. C. Heath & Co. Toronto: William Briggs.

The fact of government is one of the oldest in the history of the race. The scientific study of its theory is one of the newest. The present volume, we believe, is the first attempt to analyze the facts and synthetize the principles of human government. The subjects of constitutional law and political and social economy are now being studied in most of our universities. This book is designed to aid the instructor and students in this important department. Of special interest is the account of the historical development of government from the times of the Aryan patriarchs. The struggle between the democracies and oligarchies of Greece; the shrewd, practical and firm administration of Rome; the evolution of the feudal and monarchical systems of mediæval times; the modern governments of France, the German kingdoms and empire, Austria and Switzerland; the governmental system of Great Britain, with its vast colonial empire, and of the United States are outlined with luminous

skill. This study of comparative politics develops a wide correspondence of organization and method of government and a unity of structure and procedure greater than one was prepared to find. It furnishes data for a science of government in its wide national and international relations. This book commends itself to the study of all who make or administer the laws of the nation.

The Christian Consciousness: Its Relation to Evolution in Morals and in Doctrine. By J. S. Black. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Toronto: William Briggs. Price, $1.25.

The author, in the preface, says: "The study of 'Christian Consciousness' is in its infancy, but the study of it is an aid to the development of it. It seems strange at this end of the nineteenth century of the Christian era, that there should be an undeveloped and unused function of the Christian life; a function which not only accounts for moral and dogmatic phenomena, but also makes God more real to men."

This book is an important contribution to the development of the subject. It comes at a time of need. It deals not only with the literature that has hitherto gathered round its central theme, "The Christian Consciousness," but it has also to do with Professor Drummond's "Ascent of Man," and with Benjamin Kidd's "Social Evolution."

The placing of the "Christian Consciousness" along with the Bible, the Church and the Reason as a source of authority may seem revolutionary, but by many it will be regarded as being the formal statement of a position that has to some extent been already granted.

The work is strong, scholarly and very suggestive. It is certainly in the line of religious evolution and will receive attention from a very large number of intelligent Christians who are seeking to reconcile the experience they have attained in spiritual things with the faith of their fathers.

The People's Bible. Discourses upon Holy Scripture. By Joseph Parker, D.D., London. Ephesians–Revelation. Octavo, 463 pp., cloth, $1.50. New York and Toronto: Funk & Wagnalls Co.

The distinguished minister of the City Temple, London, Dr. Joseph Parker, commenced work on his "People's Bible," now so well and favourably known in this country, over fifteen years ago, and it has been a matter of surprise and admiration to observe the marvellous progress of his enterprise as each successive volume made its appearance. The present volume completes the undertaking. The entire work supplies a unique Bible commentary for use of pastors and preachers, as also for every Bible reader. Not a critical, verbal commentary in the general sense of that term, it is full of distinctive and particular features of great value to all. The late Charles H. Spurgeon said: "Dr. Parker condenses wonderfully, and throws a splendour of diction over all that he pours forth. He seems to say all that can be said upon a passage. He is a man of genius, and whenever he has anything to say he says it in his own striking manner." The book of Revelation is treated in the manner peculiarly his own, and is as readable and as easily understood by the young and unlearned as it can be by readers of most mature attainments.

The Red, Red Wine. A Temperance Story. By J. Jackson Wray. Author of "Nestleton Magna," "Matthew Mellowdew," etc. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: C. W. Coates. Halifax: S. F. Huestis. Price, $1.00.

Another charming book by a gifted author whose pen is now silent in death. Mr. Wray was a native of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and though he left the place of his nativity more than half a century ago, he often returned thither at the vacation seasons, so that he was well acquainted with the everyday occurrences of the locality. There are many still living who remember the building of the railway between York and Hull, when George Hudson was known by the sobriquet of "The Railway King." Those who read this book will be able to recall some of the occurrences of those days, while others, probably, will think that the author has overdrawn the picture. The labours of temperance people have effected a great change for the better among the social customs in England, though there is much still to be done. We regard "The Red, Red Wine," as the best production of Mr. Wray, and we strongly recommend its perusal to all our readers. Those who have read Mr. Wray's other works will be pleased to see that "The Red, Red Wine" contains a portrait of the deceased author. The manner in which the book is got up reflects the highest credit upon the Methodist Book and Publishing House, of Toronto.